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## A Letter from the Publisher

Long before he began work on this week's cover story on G. William Miller, George Taber, our Washington economic correspondent, had collected some intriguing gossip and opinion about the unbankerly new Federal Reserve Board chief. Most of it squared with the impression that Taber had got during his first meeting with Miller, just after he took office in March. "It was disarming," he recalls. "He was running around the solemn corridors of the Fed with his coat off, tossing out ideas on fighting inflation and otherwise behaving unlike the typical wary central banker."

That impression was reinforced during Taber's reporting for this week's story, which was written by George Church and edited by Marshall Loeb. The interview with Miller lasted four hours. "We'd planned on two," says Taber, "but we drifted onto everything from his wife's photography to his Coast Guard days in Shanghai. He was totally relaxed, and I understood better why Fed staffers are talking about a breath of fresh air."

Like Miller, Taber picked up his economics on the fly. In college (Georgetown, '64) he majored in international relations,



Taber interviewing Miller at the Fed chairman's home

but delved more deeply into economics during graduate work at the College of Europe in Bruges, Belgium. Between tours as a TIME correspondent in West Germany and France, he served two years as a press aide for the Common Market. Out of his experiences came two books: *John F. Kennedy and a Uniting Europe* (1969) and *Patterns and Prospects of Common Market Trade* (1974). Another result: his conviction that most of the crises of the postwar era have been and will continue to be economic ones. Says Taber: "I missed many Friday dinners in Europe because of a currency crisis. It always seemed to happen at the end of the week."

Taber has also developed a wariness of that governmental staple—statistics. "Numbers are the bricks and mortar of economics," he concedes, "but they can always be jiggered to support a case. The only statistic I still trust is my Social Security number." To those

who question his fondness for his subject, Taber offers an observation from Economist Robert Heilbroner: "A man who thinks that economics is only a matter for professors forgets that this is the science that has sent men to the barricades."

John C. Meyers

Cover: Illustration by Robert Grossman.

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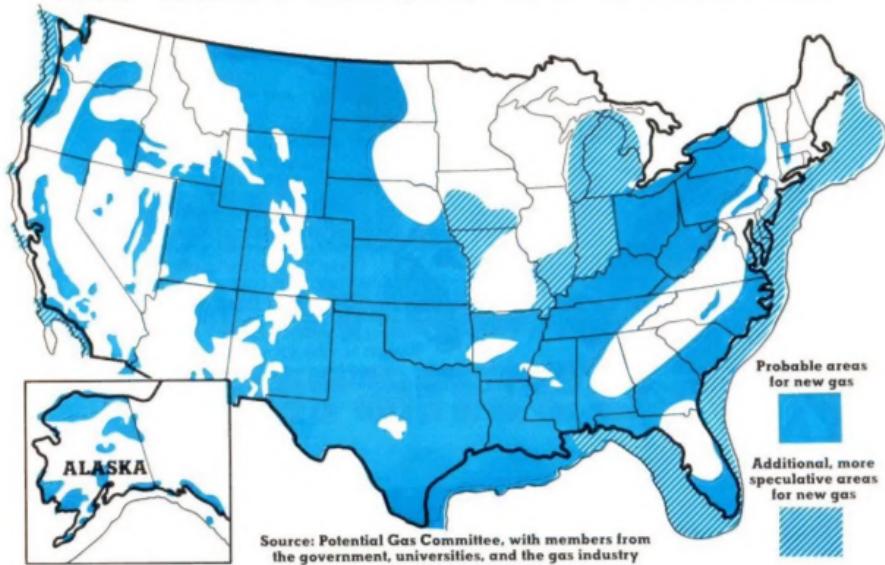
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New sources will add to supplies, too. Liquefied Natural Gas is already arriving from overseas, and coal gasification will make an important contribution before the end of the next decade.

Longer-term technologies offer huge potential for the 21st century. They range from "energy farms" in the ocean to geothermal zones deep in the earth that may yield enough gas to last centuries.

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## Letters

### Sporting Women

#### To the Editors:

Thank you for your article on "Women in Sports" [June 26]. I have been a jock all my life. Your story made me realize that I haven't been wrong.

Susan Pitts  
Lafayette, La.

Your profiling women's participation in sports is like encouraging a snail to enter a foot race. Let's face it, women just aren't made right to enter a man's realm of sports.

They have cluttered up the baseball diamonds and football fields, and now they have invaded and completely tied up our handball courts with their sissy game of racquetball.

George Dorsey  
Eugene, Ore.



Thank you for your article on women in sports. I'm a twelve-year-old girl going to a school that doesn't really give girls a fair chance in sports. In eighth grade next year, I want to play flag football with the boys, but I'll never get permission from our school board or superintendent. Most of the boys try to discourage me and tell me to go back to cheerleading. Now, with the help of your article, I may be able to win over the boys and (I hope) the superintendent.

Monique le Conge  
Cottonwood, Calif.

Women will only have achieved equality in the sports world when they are offered men, as well as cars, as inducements to being recruited by glory-seeking coaches.

Ann P. Boland  
Clemson, S.C.

### Solzhenitsyn's Right

I say, God bless America and the rest of the Western world, which not only let Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn speak his mind

[June 26], but were also willing to stand ready to defend his unquestionable right to speak it.

Gerda Kelly  
Ajijic, Mexico

When Solzhenitsyn vividly chronicled the evils of the Soviet system, we hailed him. That called for no courage. Now that he is scouring us for spearheading the decline of the West, we should heed him. This is our test of true greatness. The "intellectual elite" that did not see his point showed its smallness.

Wadie Farag  
Medicine Hat, Alta.

If Solzhenitsyn is wrong, then Judeo-Christian ethics is wrong.

(The Very Rev.) Yaroslav Sudick  
Sts. Peter and Paul Orthodox Church  
Endicott, N.Y.

Solzhenitsyn is a Martin Luther deprived of persecutors, a Savonarola deprived of a stake, the anticlimax of a cause he left behind.

John Russell  
Philadelphia

### Knighthood for Jarvis?

Having read that Howard Jarvis [June 26] has been asked to extend his crusade to 40 American states, may I use your column to invite Mr. Jarvis to place his abilities at the service of the citizenry of these islands? There is scope here. Mr. Jarvis would hardly dare to dream of. More than a quarter of the employed population is on the government payroll. What a proposition!

Please take a Laker, Sir Jarvis.  
Tom Kyté  
Nottingham, England

The tax revolt in California made the best news for Americans in a decade. Still, to curtail local government is like hitting the neighborhood bully's little brother—just a way of sending a message until we can figure out how to get at the federal establishment.

William G. Smith  
Rockford, Ill.

### Nazis and the Court

I find the beliefs of the Nazis disgusting; if they were not serious, they would almost be comical. However, the Supreme Court's ruling on the Skokie demonstration [June 26] is the only one possible in a free society, not because of any merit or lack thereof in the Nazis' position, but because forcibly silencing ridiculous ideas does not make them go away.

Walter L. Harrison  
Grand Rapids

It would be comforting if it were safe to adopt a humorous tolerance toward even the most heinous ideas and their proponents.

Unfortunately, there must always be a "watch on the Rhine," whether it be in Europe or on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Janet Blair Dominick  
Altamonte Springs, Fla.

The A.C.L.U. has lost its meaning and usefulness. It's a tool of the demented lunatic fringe. Freedom of speech is not absolute when it advocates violence, destruction and genocide.

Harold H. Rubin  
Lafayette Hill, Pa.

### New Rock Religion?

Rock music for the past five to seven years has been directionless and unmotivated. The fact that power is coming back into rock [June 26] delights me. People don't write songs, at least good songs, about oil embargoes, world economic problems, détenté or other assorted unromantic difficulties. I yearn, crave, ache for the days of rock as a religion, with its electricity and excitement. A new religion might grant those of us with '60s mores and ideals living in the disenchanted '70s at least a brief respite from the raisinless oatmeal that spews forth from supposedly FM rock radio stations without having to live in the past.

Andy Jordan  
El Cerrito, Calif.

### Snail Darters

Congratulations to the little fish, the snail darter [June 26]! Perhaps humankind is at last using its brain and realizing that as we exterminate life around us, we are narrowing the gap between us and our own extinction.

Fran Alexander  
Madison, Ala.

Any idea that a useful construction in which \$116 million of taxpayers' money has been invested should be abandoned because of the belated discovery of snail darters is utter nonsense.

Joseph Behr  
Danbury, Conn.

Mother, may I go out to swim?  
No, my darling darter.  
You'll be damned when the water  
tops the brim.  
Why must you be a martyr?

James Wharton  
Weems, Va.

For love of gold we routed the Indian from his homeland and livelihood, and now we sink the dam at Tellico to save the snail darter. *O tempora! O mores!*

Dents Wharton  
Natick, Mass.

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Norbert G. Lyssy, Utopia, Texas

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When Mr. Lyssy isn't working, he uses his Volvo for fun. On weekends, it lugs a 16-foot power boat through the mountains to the Lyssy's favorite lake.

In all this time, Mr. Lyssy says, "Old Red (as he affectionately calls his Volvo) has never failed to get me to my destination." He adds, "I think she'll reach a million miles with ease. After all, I only have 226,000 more miles to go."

It's fair to say Mr. Lyssy is happy with that old Volvo of his. But that's an old Volvo. What about people who buy *new* Volvos?

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\*Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.  
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Backed by "alternative vehicles" in Dover-Foxcroft, Me., businessman Charles MacArthur dreams of doing in the internal combustion engine

## American Scene

### In Maine: A Crank for All Seasons

One afternoon last April, in the central Maine town of Dover-Foxcroft (pop. 4,000), Charles MacArthur was standing beside the canal lock that feeds water from the Piscataquis River into the hydroelectric plant of Brown's Mill. He heard a strangely squishy, popping sound. "It was sort of like a baseball bat hitting a rotten stump," he recalls. The bulkhead below the 600-kw generator bulged from hydrostatic pressure and quietly let go. MacArthur (who owns the mill) turned, horrified, to see 100 tons of concrete, studded with steel reinforcing rods, tossed lightly into the springtime air as thousands of gallons of water poured back into the river with the agonizing casualness of all spilled energy.

At 50, MacArthur is a peculiar home-grown Yankee product, one of those ingenious cranks who are likely to do the Republic some good—in spite of itself. Hardly had the dam fallen than he was on the phone to Washington, inquiring cheerfully about a low-interest loan. He happened to be the explained to the voice going uh-huh on the other end just as the American that President Carter always talks about. He was—reverent pause—a small businessman. He also happened to be another of the President's favorite people: an energy-crisis fighter, an advocate and indeed a practitioner of "small is beautiful" technology. Hydroelectric plants of no more capacity than the one at Brown's Mill, he told the now fast-fading uh-huh in Washington, are being built for \$6 million. Could a taxpayer in good

standing borrow \$30,000 to restore a single little bulkhead? Hello? Hello?

After nine phone calls, MacArthur located in the labyrinth of the Department of Energy (DOE) a harassed man with, he swore, 3,999 other dams to worry about. He informed MacArthur that he *might* become eligible for a loan by conducting something called a feasibility study, if only the wall had collapsed two months before. Now—too bad—the deadline for feasibility studies had passed.

Nine more days of phone calls and \$114 later, MacArthur hung up and announced to all who would listen: "Trying to deal with the Government is like having a hippopotamus for a ballet partner." Finally he went to a local bank for his \$30,000 and turned his attention to what he calls, as though the words were engraved in stone, The Project.

As a visitor to Dover-Foxcroft soon sees, in purely material terms the project consists of a complex of five buildings MacArthur bought for \$100,000 with a mortgage taken out last July. Dating back to 1867, Brown's Mill stands in all the interesting stages of decay known to brick, mortar and wood. As MacArthur takes you on the conducted tour, picking his way buoyantly through the rubble, he can manage to see Brown's Mill as a stranger sees it—but not for long. For MacArthur in this cavernous tomb to New England's vanished woolen industry lie the makings of a utopian community, or at least a working model of the 1980s. Behind the

bleak, randomly broken windows he imagines 92,000 sq. ft. of space filled by maybe 60 different cottage industries, all running off the mill's hydroelectric power. An ad listed under business opportunities in the *Maine Times* reads in part: "Abandon ulcers, all ye who enter here ... serene, supportive, imaginative 'business hatchery' for starting second careers. Heated, lighted spaces \$1 a day."

Already MacArthur has found half a dozen converts, a tiny band of practical-minded natives. Paul Atkinson, dry and leather-lean, with a wit to match, is in the process of setting up a cabinet shop. He plans to beat the high cost of lumber and control the quality of his product by sawing and milling his own wood. An old chicken incubator stands by for ingenious use as his kiln.

Almost lost in the corner of one particularly vast floor, a number of tables of plants bask under fluorescent lamps. "The only water-powered African violet farm in the world," MacArthur announces with a mock-grand wave of the hand to introduce the domain of Cliff Shafer. A big, soft-spoken man with kindly "Please grow" eyes, Shafer patiently fights the presence of mildew on his gloxinias and mill cats in his potting soil. In Maine, the greenhouse, which costs about twelve times as much to heat as comparable space in a factory, is a faltering institution. Shafer can easily sell everything he grows at the mill to retail florists and wholesalers in nearby Bangor.

Above and beyond all the other re-

## American Scene

cruits there is Hermie Nutter. Hermie more or less came with the mortgage. On a now rusted water tank, next to patriotic graffiti of World War II (BUY WAR BONDS, REMEMBER PLAIN HARBOR), Hermie scratched his name and the date when he first started to work at Brown's Mill in 1939. Over the years he did just about everything, from repairing spinning frames to caring for the steam turbines. Even after the mill, in its last metamorphosis as a leather tannery, closed down five years ago, Hermie stayed on as maintenance man. Now, on a lower floor crowded with alternative vehicles (from steam cars to electric motorcycles), Hermie's project within The Project is to adapt to batteries power a gas-powered vehicle he detests the snowmobile.

But Hermie's primary function is to keep asking MacArthur: "Are you sure you want to do that?" When MacArthur gets carried away with visions of an electric soil floor capable of growing 25 lbs per sq ft of the ripest, reddest, most luscious tomatoes, or the old red barn complete with a nature-food restaurant and live music, Hermie clamps down hard on reality and plays down-Maine Sanchez Panza to MacArthur's Don Quixote. Then MacArthur will begin to talk about solid things—like the twelve-by-twelve beams in the old red barn, all meticulously mortised—and down-to-earth ideas.

"I'm a mechanical engineer, not a social engineer," he says in his guise as realist. "I was an English major at Bates. The nearest I came to formal science was a minor in geology. That's all right. The Teton Dam and the Hartford Civic Center were both designed by engineers. The state of Maine's made up of tinkerers—they'll tackle anything—and maybe that's what the world needs now."

Other credentials of a hard-nosed variety may then be displayed. MacArthur the successful businessman, founder of Graphics, a company devoted to making sophisticated copies of engineers' blueprints. MacArthur the licensed pilot and balloonist who ten years ago soared over the Arctic Circle in a basket of his own making. Q.E.D. Charlie MacArthur is no starry-eyed idealist. Charlie MacArthur is no nut. And having more or less settled that question, he can relax and go back to all the other things Charlie MacArthur is, including owner of the biggest clubhouse a boy and his gang could ever dream of.

There are just so many things for a creative crank and entrepreneur to do! He has to get cracking, for instance, on marketing his Katahdin Hiker, made from peeled alder, which he pays industrious Dover-Foxcroft youngsters 20¢ a staff for reaping. MacArthur drills a hole for a

compass, brands the name on the side and plans to sell each walking stick for \$1.95, with a suggested retail price of \$3.99. The alternative-vehicle regatta, now in its fifth year, is never far from its sponsor's thoughts. Every June, at MacArthur's urging, riders on two, three or four wheels—variously powered by electricity, methane, charcoal, chicken fat or even sewer gas—race 6,288 ft to the top of Mount Washington. N.H.

It is only when he broods on the wasteful internal combustion engine that MacArthur comes as close as he knows how to discouragement. "We won't get out of the gasoline car till we're driven out with whips," he says. One night, when the Department of Commerce and a couple of three Government agencies had failed to answer MacArthur's latest jeremiads (in which he likes to point out that there is, in fact, an Electric and Hybrid Vehicle Development Act on the books and when the feds going to do more than press-release it, hmm?)—he tapped out a letter to Amy Carter. Since the adults were being so obtuse, why didn't Amy and her chums—the conscientious of the future

stage an alternative-vehicle regatta on the White House lawn? In due time a postcard made its way to Brown's Mill with a picture of Amy on one side and a message on the other: "Thank you for being my friend, Amy Carter."

**Melvin Maddocks**



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TIME JULY 17, 1978

# Once More, with Feeling

*Vance and Gromyko wrestle over their most complex problem*



**O**n almost the eve of what had been regarded as a promising arms-control conference between Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, Moscow last week suddenly issued a chilling announcement. It said that Anatoli Shcharansky, 30, a computer expert and Jewish human rights activist, who has been accused of spying for the CIA, would stand trial in Moscow early this week on a charge of high treason. If found guilty, he could be executed. On the same day that Shcharansky's trial starts, court proceedings also begin against another Jewish dissident, Alexander Ginzburg, 41, a leading member of a Russian group founded to monitor the U.S.S.R.'s compliance with the human rights provisions of the 1975 Helsinki accord.

Within an hour of the Moscow announcement, a State Department spokesman read a carefully crafted statement

that had been personally approved by Jimmy Carter: "These trials will be watched closely in the United States. The fate of Mr. Shcharansky and Mr. Ginzburg will be an important indicator of the attitude of the Soviet government [regarding] . . . the constructive development of U.S.-Soviet relations."

Ever since Shcharansky's arrest 16 months ago on what Western experts regard as baseless spy charges, the U.S. has made it clear that his continued imprisonment constituted a blatant violation of the human rights that the Carter foreign policy seeks to protect. Not only has Vance urged Moscow not to press the charges, but Carter took the unusual step of publicly denying that Shcharansky had ever been a CIA employee. He thus committed his personal prestige to a declaration that the Soviets now propose to challenge in a Moscow court

The timing of the Soviet announce-

ment baffled U.S. officials. Some speculated Moscow might have been hoping that with attention focused on this week's Vance-Gromyko meeting in Geneva on the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT), the dissident trials would be spared the glare of international publicity. Others wondered whether the Kremlin was deliberately testing the Carter Administration's policy of not linking the Strategic Arms Talks with other events. It seemed certain, in either case, that the trials could not have been scheduled without top-level approval from the Kremlin. Said one State Department aide: "If the Russians wanted to make this difficult, they sure have found a way."

The fate of the Soviet dissidents will undoubtedly be added to Vance's agenda for his sixth meeting with Gromyko in 16 months. Other matters that are sure to be discussed will be the latest developments in the Middle East, the contin-

ued Soviet intervention in Africa and the mounting harassment of American citizens in Moscow. Vance will give Gromyko a personal message from Carter addressed to Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, warning that the Shecharansky and Ginzburg trials could injure U.S.-Soviet relations. Carter has already ordered a review of all U.S.-Soviet cooperative agreements to find ways to dramatize U.S. concern about the case, and Vance formally announced that Presidential Science Adviser Frank Press would not, as previously planned, attend the sixth annual meeting of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Joint Commission on Scientific and Technical Cooperation in Moscow. A three-member environmental delegation also canceled an imminent trip to Russia. Vance said he "deplored" the coming Soviet trials as a violation of "fundamental principles of justice."

Although U.S.-Soviet ties have been cooling for some months, the Administration has tried to insulate the SALT process from other controversies. Thus there is a chance that Vance and Gromyko will still be able to devote most of their time in Geneva to arms limitation, which Vance insisted last week was "in our national interest." Since SALT first convened in Helsinki nine years ago, progress toward curbing atomic arsenals has been frustratingly slow, and there has been no ban at all on offensive weapons since the SALT I ceilings expired last October.

A number of small moves in the past few months, however, have indicated that a SALT II accord may finally be in sight. As Carter said at his last press conference, "Negotiations are going along very well," and "we are making progress." Yet even before Moscow's unexpected scheduling of the trials, U.S. officials had carefully muted their optimism about SALT. Noted one Administration aide before he left for the talks: "We don't see Geneva as make or break. We're not talking about breakthroughs. It's part of a process."

**A**dministration officials have good reason to be publicly cautious in their prognoses. For one thing, breakthroughs in the past have faded embarrassingly quickly in the face of continued negotiating deadlocks. For another, Washington does not want to appear too eager for an agreement lest that weaken its bargaining position with Moscow and later make it more difficult to win ratification in the Senate. As it is, Senate approval is far from assured.

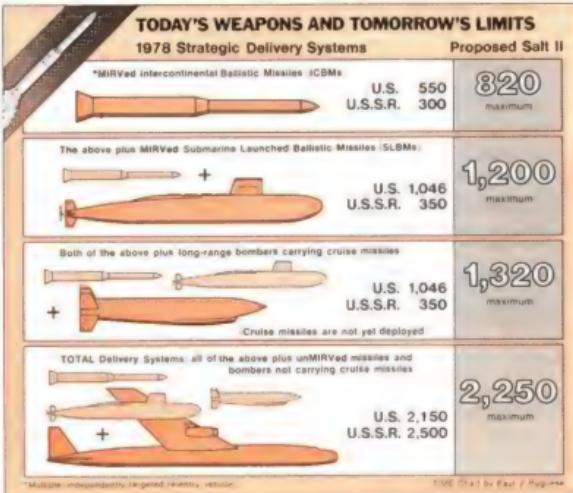
Both sides so far have agreed that SALT II would have three parts. The first, detailed in 40 pages of a 50-page summary that Vance is taking to Geneva, would be a treaty running until 1985. It would prohibit both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. from deploying more than 2,250 strategic systems. Counted toward this total would be long-range bombers such as the U.S. B-52 and the Soviet Bison and Bear; intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs); and submarine-launched ballistic missiles. This ceiling, a far cry from the "deep cuts" that

Carter requested a year ago, is only slightly below the 2,400 limit to which Gerald Ford and Brezhnev agreed at their 1974 Vladivostok summit. The proposed treaty would actually require no cuts in the U.S. arsenal of 2,150 strategic systems, but would call on the Soviets to dismantle about 250 aging, obsolete rockets they have, in fact, already begun to do so.

Under this overall limit, there will be several subceilings. The total number of land-based ICBMs carrying the multi-warheads called MIRVs (multiple, independently targetable re-entry vehicles) cannot exceed 820. Such ICBMs plus MIRVed submarine-launched missiles cannot exceed 1,200. These land and sea missiles plus bombers adapted to carry the highly accurate cruise missile cannot exceed 1,320 (the U.S. long opposed

or deploy a mobile ICBM, such as the M-X, for the duration of the protocol. Yet the U.S. will be allowed to test rockets from a fixed base in preparation for eventual use in a mobile launcher. Similarly, Washington has agreed that it would not deploy land-and-sea-launched cruise missiles with ranges exceeding 360 miles and air-launched cruises with ranges beyond 1,500 miles; cruises with greater capabilities, however, could be tested.

Since the Pentagon has had no plans anyway to deploy long-range cruise missiles or the M-X over the next three years, it is questionable how much the protocol's restrictions would slow U.S. arms development. But if the limits run longer, the U.S. could begin losing the technological edge that so far has offset U.S.S.R. rocket-power superiority.



the inclusion of its cruise-carrying bombers at all, but gave way on this point last autumn). The rest of the total quota can be filled by unMIRVed missiles or bombers lacking facilities for the cruise.

The second part of the proposed SALT II accord will be a three-year protocol, providing a temporary solution for the difficult matter of weapon modernization and improvement. Some new missiles will be banned, the testing of new systems will be limited and the upgrading of existing weapons will be controlled. While this will slap a few restrictions on the improvement of the Soviet arsenal, U.S. technology is the main target of the protocol. It is a device by which Washington will be able to accommodate some of Moscow's professed fears about the U.S.'s newest systems without having to restrict them for the relatively long period covered by the treaty. The U.S. will probably bow to Moscow's insistence and agree not to test

The third part of the agreement will be a statement of general guidelines for SALT III. It is here that the Administration intends to push for substantial cuts (as much as 18%) in nuclear arsenals and for tight controls on qualitative advances in weaponry.

**D**espite the considerable agreement on the shape of SALT II, a number of issues must still be resolved. According to one American negotiator: "Gromyko will open, as he does every time, by reiterating our errors and his country's munificence." Then the bargaining will begin.

At the top of Vance's agenda is the problem of the Soviet Backfire bomber. According to Moscow, this new airplane cannot strike the U.S. and return to its base without refueling and thus is not a strategic weapon and should not be counted against the overall ceiling of 2,250. If

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as expected, the Administration accepts this reasoning, it will be sharply criticized by a number of analysts who argue that Backfire could eventually be upgraded to hit targets in the U.S. Washington is seeking some kind of written assurances that the aircraft will not be adapted for longer range or based within striking distance of the U.S.

Vance will also try to resolve problems with the timing of the accord. While both sides agree that the Soviets will have to reduce their strategic arsenal somewhat, it has not been decided how long Moscow can take to do so. The U.S. wants the Soviets to pare down to 2,250 strategic systems within six months after the

ministration's negotiations with the Russians. Carter would then have to open negotiations with the deeply suspicious U.S. Senate. According to California's Alan Cranston, the upper chamber's Democratic whip: "It's going to be a tough battle, tougher than the Panama Canal treaties. If we had to take up SALT today, it probably wouldn't make it." Cranston notes that even advocates of arms control are reserving judgment on SALT II until they see the final shape of the accord. He estimates that roughly 40 Senators favor the prospective arms limitation pact and an equal number are undecided, while a hard core of 20 are opposed. It takes only 34 votes to block ap-

short end when bargaining with the Kremlin. Reviewing the partial draft for SALT II, Richard Perle, a strategic analyst for Senator Henry Jackson and perhaps the leading arms control expert (and critic) on Capitol Hill, complains that SALT II would be an unequal treaty. Says he: "The Soviets get more throw weight, more heavy missiles, more heavy bombers." Perle's indictment reflects the basic concern that SALT has strayed far from its original purpose of freezing the strategic balance so that neither Washington nor Moscow would be tempted or able to launch a surprise attack. By merely limiting the number of strategic delivery systems, with scant regard for their vastly differing capabilities, SALT has failed to stem a potentially ominous shift in the superpower balance.

The continued Soviet advantage in throw weight (the measure of a rocket's power to deliver warheads to a target) plus continued gains in accuracy could theoretically give the Kremlin the ability to destroy most of the U.S.'s land-based ICBMs while they were still inside their underground silos. Defense Secretary Harold Brown estimates that there could be a "substantial threat" to U.S. ICBMs by the early 1980s. The U.S. has no missiles comparable in power to the 300 mammoth Soviet rockets, like the SS-18s, and both the Ford and Carter Administrations have failed in their attempts to negotiate a reduction in the number of them.



Acres of B-52 bombers in storage at Arizona's Davis-Monthan Air Force Base

Has the U.S. been getting the short end in the arms talks with the Russians?

SALT II pact is signed, Moscow would like three years to reach that number.

The timing of the protocol to limit technological development also poses problems. The U.S. argues that it should take effect retroactively, about when the SALT I ceilings expired, and should run until December 1980. But Moscow, which would like to keep the lid on U.S. technological developments as long as possible, wants the clock to start when the new accord is actually signed.

Still another difficulty involves the wording with which both sides pledge that they will not try to circumvent the terms of the accord. Although such a vow may seem superfluous, the Soviets could try to interpret it in a manner that would impede the transfer of weapon technology by the U.S. to other NATO members.

Vance and Gromyko resolve a couple of the key problems that have been blocking SALT II, the remaining issues could be left until September, when Gromyko will be in the U.S. for the opening of the U.N. General Assembly. Should those talks succeed, Carter might meet with Brezhnev in October to work out the final details and initial a draft treaty.

But that would only conclude the Ad-

ministration's negotiations with the Russians. Carter would then have to open negotiations with the deeply suspicious U.S. Senate.

Surveys of the public's attitude toward SALT are far from conclusive, depending partly on how the questions have been phrased. A recent Louis Harris poll revealed widespread backing (75% to 12%) for a new treaty. But another nationwide sampling, by the Foreign Policy Association, found that 21% of the respondents opposed SALT, with 32% approving it and 34% going along with the treaty unenthusiastically.

A number of factors explain the Senate's current coolness toward the Strategic Arms Limitation treaty. For one thing, any proposed accord with the Russians is bound to meet some resistance because of the widespread dismay at Moscow's recent behavior. Another problem is that the arms limitation process is paying a price for having failed to fulfill those expectations that it once raised. For all the years of negotiations, there is little evidence that the SALT talks have reduced either nuclear or conventional arsenals.

Much of the lack of enthusiasm for SALT, however, probably results from arguments, some of them persuasive, that the U.S. has consistently been getting the

short end when bargaining with the Kremlin. Reviewing the partial draft for SALT II, Richard Perle, a strategic analyst for Senator Henry Jackson and perhaps the leading arms control expert (and critic) on Capitol Hill, complains that SALT II would be an unequal treaty. Says he: "The Soviets get more throw weight, more heavy missiles, more heavy bombers." Perle's indictment reflects the basic concern that SALT has strayed far from its original purpose of freezing the strategic balance so that neither Washington nor Moscow would be tempted or able to launch a surprise attack. By merely limiting the number of strategic delivery systems, with scant regard for their vastly differing capabilities, SALT has failed to stem a potentially ominous shift in the superpower balance.

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While the U.S. still enjoys a lead of 8,000 to 4,000 in the number of nuclear warheads it can deliver, one well-informed SALT critic points out: "Our superior number of warheads is only good if they survive an attack. It's pointless to say that our missiles are better than theirs. If theirs can destroy ours—and they can—they're better."

With SALT II slicing strategic arsenals only slightly, a significant cutback will have to await SALT III. In the meantime, even more exotic weapons are on their way. In the annual "Arms Control Impact Statements," released last week, the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency hinted alarmingly at future "space wars" between the U.S. and the Soviet Union that would be waged with lasers and particle beam weapons. Whether the SALT process will ever be able to limit these devices is debatable.

There is even an argument that it is not worth the effort to continue trying to control strategic arms because SALT I so far has accomplished little. Weapons output and costs, for example, do not seem to have decreased under SALT I. And certainly no treaty is better than a bad treaty. Still, it ought to be possible to negotiate an accord, in SALT III or IV, that would stabilize the nuclear balance and provide a high enough level of confidence so that both superpowers could finally break their strategic arms efforts.

## What Bakke Means (Contd.)

*The court moves warily, but affirmative action gains*

Just five days after its ruling on the "reverse discrimination" complaint of the medical school applicant Allan Bakke, the Supreme Court last week turned to the no less controversial issue of affirmative action in the field of employment. In contrast to the Bakke decision, in which six Justices filled 154 pages with occasionally passionate legal arguments, the court simply let stand—without explanation—a lower-court ruling that approved numerical goals for employment and promotion of minorities and women.

At issue was an affirmative-action program, the largest in the nation, that affects 780,000 employees of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. The 1973 plan was negotiated by several federal agencies, including the Labor Department's Contract Compliance Office and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which had charged the phone company with job discrimination. Although it did not admit to that allegation, AT&T agreed to make payments totaling \$15 million to compensate 15,000 workers, mostly women, who were said to be victims of past promotion and salary discrimination.

The company also agreed to a set of percentage hiring goals in various job categories for women and minorities, plus substantial promotions of both groups to higher-paying craft and managerial positions. Under the program, minority managers did increase from 4.6% in 1972 to 8.7% in 1977, and the number of women in middle and upper management rose from 8.8% to 16%. The total number of minority employees grew by 21,000—while AT&T's total work force declined by 27,000 because of an unfavorable business climate during this five-year period.

The AT&T program was legally challenged by three unions in 1975. The unions argued that Government pressure had led the company to Welsh on seniority requirements for promotion, agreements that had been spelled out in union contracts. The unions' main target was the threat to their seniority preference plans, not other elements of affirmative action. Their claim was rejected in the spring of 1977 by the Third Circuit Court of Appeals. The Supreme Court last week refused to review that decision.

Minority leaders and federal affirmative-action officials saw this development as further support by the court for their efforts. In Portland, Ore., addressing an anxious convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Eleanor Holmes Norton, chairman of the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, hailed

the court's refusal to hear the AT&T case and strongly defended her agency's commitment to numerical hiring and promotion goals for minorities and women. Said Norton: "We will not stop using them unless the court tells us directly to stop."

Legal experts cautioned, however, that it would be unwise to read too many implications into a Supreme Court refusal to review. The court might have many reasons for this refusal, including simply a desire to postpone substantive discussion of such a complex subject until fall.



Woman working on Bell System telephone lines

*"We will not stop unless the court tells us to stop."*

In fact, the court sounded a note of judicial restraint in another affirmative-action decision last week, when it dealt with a suit brought by California contractors seeking to overturn a requirement of the federal Public Works Employment Act of 1977 that 10% of federal public works grants go to minority contractors. The court returned the case to Los Angeles District Judge A. Andrew Hauk—who had declared the minority contractor set-aside unconstitutional—but it made no ruling on the merits of the case. It suggested only that the California suit may be moot, since all federal contracts

for the 65 Los Angeles-area public works projects have already been awarded, there may no longer be a legal controversy for the courts to resolve. But a number of other contractors have mounted similar challenges to the 10% quota, and it is likely that the high court will be confronted with this issue again.

As the nine Justices began their summer recess, lawyers and officials were left to ponder the meaning of the delicately balanced Bakke decision, which decreed that race may be an element in university admissions but not on a basis of numerical quotas—unless a previous history of discrimination is involved. Most university officials regarded that as an endorsement of the affirmative-action programs they already use, but in other fields there was considerable confusion.

In Atlanta's Fulton County, for example, the commissioners had completed last April an affirmative-action plan that would add black employees to the county's payroll at the rate of 4% per year over the next five years, boosting their proportion from 26.6% to 46.6%—the percentage of blacks in the county's total labor force. But when Fulton County Attorney Robert Young read the Supreme Court's Bakke ruling, he told the commissioners that parts of their new hiring plan were illegal. County affirmative-action officers, said Young, "would direct department heads not to hire whites. You can't accomplish a 4% annual increase for blacks without discriminating on the basis of race." Last week the commission decided (by a vote of five white to two black commissioners) to postpone action on the new program for two weeks while the county attorney seeks to modify the program.

In Chicago, Federal Judge Prentice Marshall had been scheduled to order a new promotion examination for city police patrolmen seeking to become sergeants. Marshall had previously ruled that the city's 1973 exam discriminated against blacks and other minorities, and he had ordered a minority hiring quota for new sergeants. But after the Bakke ruling, Attorney Norman Barry, representing 111 patrolmen who had passed the 1973 exam but lost out on promotion through imposition of the quota, argued that his clients deserved promotion before any new exam was ordered. Said he: "My people are victims of Judge Marshall's command that the city correct its previous discrimination by imposing quotas. They are Bakke. They are victims of reverse discrimination brought about by court order and a rigid quota." The comparison seemed somewhat stretched, but Judge Marshall nevertheless delayed his order abolishing the 1973 list of candidates for promotion and allowed Barry time to submit new arguments based on the Allan Bakke case. ■

## Nation

The Presidency / Hugh Sidey

### When Duty Called, They Came

In his mind he marched with Pickett and Pettigrew in the masses of the main charge across the rolling fields and up to the stone fence and over, where the Confederacy reached its high-water mark. He stood in his imagination for a moment with the few troops who had breached the Union line, his heart working to grasp the commotion and the meaning of those terrible days 115 years ago at Gettysburg. Jimmy Carter, Southerner, President, last week stalked the ridges and swells of Civil War tragedy, fascinated, brooding. And in his mind, he retreated with the flower of Southern manhood across that wide field of death, back to the South, defeat and a century of humiliation that he feels he was somehow sent to right.

"I wish that Jackson had been here," he said quietly as he listened to Historian Shelby Foote talk of "that terrible, terrible day" at Gettysburg. "Ewell would have done better if Jackson had been here. Lee should have listened to the Georgians that day." The Georgian Longstreet had strongly urged Lee not to fight the Battle of Gettysburg.

Foote told of the Confederate valor. Of General Armistead, who, with his hat on his saber, reached for the muzzle of a Union cannon, then fell with mortal wounds. He told of retreat. A young Southerner going down the slope walked backward so he would not be hit in the back. Robert E. Lee met his men with tears in his eyes to tell them it was his fault. "He pretty much told the truth," said Carter, pondering the lapses of judgment that are now attributed to Lee, who was almost superhuman in all other ways, in most other places.

No President reaches the White House without some knowledge of history, some sense of his own destiny. They all are, after all, the products of some special historic force. Carter perhaps more than any other President since Franklin Roosevelt. Once on the job, every one of them feels a singular kinship with the past. Their interest in the men who have marched before them deepens. They search for new meaning in the successes of their predecessors, seek solace in the frailties. They join the processions of history.

Jimmy Carter and his wife and his mother-in-law began in the early morning of last Thursday, and by dusk they had been from Culp's Hill at Gettysburg (also stopping not far from the battlefield for a friendly visit at the home of Ma-

mie Eisenhower) to the site of John Brown's raid at Harpers Ferry. The President leaped up on the rocks, put field glasses to his eyes to peer into the woods and gazed on the weathered monuments. Was Lee trying to save ammunition at Gettysburg? he asked. Where was the wheatfield? How far did Pickett have to come? (Nearly a mile.) "Why Lee did not bring his generals together that night, I'll never understand."

Carter asked the park officials to put a marker where Georgian Ambrose Wright had breached the Union line on the second day of Gettysburg. Then he stopped down below to see the monument to the Georgians, put up on the spot where they assembled. "When duty called, we came, when country called, we died," it read. So sad and sobering, mused Carter, yet men so brave.



A kiss for Mamie

He pondered the little things that shatter human aspirations. Lee had been given some raspberries by Marylanders on his way to Gettysburg. He had eaten them and had an upset stomach. Had that figured in Lee's problems? "I'll tell you," smiled Carter. "I've been in Mexico when for a couple of days I could not have led anything."

The President laughed about Hood's boys at last getting a hot breakfast at Antietam when they were interrupted by a Union charge: they were so mad that they stopped the superior Yankee force in its tracks. Carter was tickled by the account of how the cannons at Antietam stirred up the hives of bees kept by the farmers. One Pennsylvania regiment had 127 bee stings. The President leaned on the bridge over Antietam Creek where General Burnside with four divisions had been stalled for hours by Robert Toombs with a few hundred of those beloved Georgian sharpshooters.

Jimmy Carter went back to Camp David that night a wiser man. He cannot plan the future from what he saw and felt last week at Gettysburg or Antietam. But he could not lead without it.



Confederate General Armistead, with hat on saber, at climax of Pickett's charge



Opponents of nuclear plant celebrating order to suspend construction



Governor Thomson at rally of plant supporters

## The Endless Seabrook Saga

*A nuclear plant that has everybody powerless*

Protesters staging mass demonstrations against a nuclear plant in a New Hampshire town. Conservative Governor Meldrim Thomson and his state troopers arresting some 1,500 of them. Power company officials warning that in the end the public will suffer by paying unnecessarily high electricity rates.

For five years this controversy has swirled around the coastal community of Seabrook (pop. 5,300), with the fortunes of battle favoring first one side, then the other. At issue is a \$2.3 billion nuclear power plant that New England power companies, led by Public Service Co. of New Hampshire, insist must be built to satisfy the region's growing electricity needs. The federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission has now ordered that plant construction be suspended by July 21, thus awarding a temporary victory to the anti-nuclear forces, particularly their noisiest wing, the Clamshell Alliance. The alliance has mustered up to 18,000 protesters in four demonstrations at the site, and a Clamshell spokesman proclaimed the stop-work order to be "the beginning of the end of nuclear power in this country." Governor Thomson termed the decision "asinine."

Yet, despite all the noise they have made, neither the Governor nor the Clamshells have actually influenced the stop-and-go course of construction at the site. Surprisingly, both sides agree on the villains' identity: bungling federal bureaucracies whose errors and capriciousness have kept key issues from being resolved. Says Carl Goldstein, a spokesman for the pro-plant Atomic Industrial Forum: "It is horrendous what Seabrook shows about the regulatory process." Agrees Tony Roisman, an opposing lawyer: "You can't regulate this way."

The plant's construction design made

the project vulnerable to controversy from the start because the power company planned to cool its twin 1,150-megawatt nuclear reactors by drawing sea water from three miles offshore through a 19-ft.-diameter tunnel, and returning the water, 39° F. hotter, to the ocean. The issue was supposed to have been settled in 1974, when the Environmental Protection Agency required that all new nuclear plants use concrete cooling towers, which dissipate the heat through evaporation and may cost more than \$60 million.

The first difficulty arose in 1975 when the EPA decided to make Seabrook an exception to the rule. NRC, which holds final licensing power, issued a preliminary permit in 1976. This was done even though Government scientists had not fully studied the likely consequences of sea-water cooling, which environmentalists claim is harmful to sea life. The utilities rushed to begin construction; the companies have now spent \$400 million on the project, on the theory that the more they build, the harder the plant will be to stop. Meanwhile, company lawyers sought a permanent exemption from the cooling-tower requirement. This involved nine months of public hearings and deliberation by the EPA's Boston regional office. Finally, in November 1976, EPA Regional Administrator John McGlennan ruled that the ocean tunnel design was a potential environmental danger. His decision voided the construction permit, and work stopped in January 1977.

The utilities took their case to a new EPA administrator, Douglas Costle. He ignored an EPA study, made just before he took office, in which three experts from outside the agency concurred with McGlennan's decision. Costle convened a new panel, drawn entirely from within the agency. This panel said McGlennan

had been wrong. Costle agreed, and so did NRC, which reinstated the construction permit. Work resumed at Seabrook.

Watching EPA's confusion, NRC next ordered that hearings on the cooling system be held and that the companies study other possible sites. The NRC warned the builders that they might be wasting money if sea-water cooling was finally disapproved. Ignoring NRC, the Public Service Co. speeded up work at Seabrook.

Then the New Hampshire Audubon Society and the Seacoast Antipollution League challenged Commissioner Costle's decision in court and won a ruling in February that EPA had acted illegally in not permitting outsiders to cross-examine its panel and in not including non-agency experts on the panel.

The result of all these decisions against the plant set up a confusing double track of new proceedings by both EPA and NRC. As required, hearings were held in Manchester, N.H., by NRC on alternate sites and by EPA on the sea-water cooling system. Construction work nevertheless continued full blast at Seabrook.

Stung by accusations of needless delay, the NRC board in Washington ruled, 2 to 1, that construction must stop by July 21. It cannot resume, the majority said, until EPA finally decides whether sea-water cooling is permissible. At Seabrook, where the plant is now about 15% complete, some 2,200 laborers rushed to get as much work as possible done before the stop order goes into effect.

EPA Administrator Costle must now read several thousand pages of testimony and make a new decision. Since he may have erred through haste last time, he is not expected to be finished before August or perhaps September. Even then, plant foes or friends can appeal his decision in court. Concedes the NRC staff, in an analysis of Seabrook: "This case is a serious failure of governmental process. A paradigm of ... a system strangling itself in red tape."

## Nation

### Hitting the Road

#### *Jarvis campaigns in Michigan*

**T**o the people of the Detroit factory suburb of Wayne, he was the messiah from California. They boosted Howard Jarvis last week onto the back of a blue pickup truck, handed him a microphone, and waited for him to say what they wanted to hear. He readily obliged: "We want a reduction in the taxes in this state and every state."

Dressed in a baggy brown tweed suit, Jarvis was barnstorming through Michigan on his first foray in support of a measure to lower taxes since the success in California of Proposition 13, which he co-sponsored. His appearance was part of a drive to obtain the 266,000 signatures needed by this week to get a tax-cut referendum on Michigan's November ballot. The proposition, sponsored by Robert Tisch, the drainage commissioner of rural Shiawassee County in central Michigan, would cut property assessments in half, hold future increases to 2.5% a year, and permit the state income tax, now 4.6%, to rise no more than one percentage point.

Another proposal, originated by Farmington Hills Insurance Executive Richard Headlee, a former director of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, is backed by an array of conservative businessmen. Senator Robert Griffin and Economist Milton Friedman and has already received 415,000 signatures. Headlee's proposal would hold the combination of state and local taxes to the current figure, 9.7% of total personal Michigan income.

At the first of Jarvis' four stops, he peered through his thick-lensed spectacles and told an audience of 60 in Wayne, "I get a phone call every 30 seconds. They want me in 30 states. But I'm here in Michigan because Michigan is the most important." The crowd of blue-collar workers and women in bouffant hairdos roared their approval.

Jarvis ridiculed Headlee's claim that his proposal is the more responsible of the two because it would stabilize tax rates and allow for balanced growth and not require cuts in essential services. Retorted Jarvis, "One is a political petition and the other one a people's petition. Whom do you trust, the politicians or the people? They are not the government. You are the government. We want taxes to go down, not up and not sideways."

Again the crowd cheered lustily. Jarvis' entry into the fray on behalf of the Tisch proposition has led some of Headlee's backers to fear that the antitax movement could be splintered, causing both proposals to lose. Still, with state and local taxes up 142% in ten years, the voters of Michigan seem ready to send their politicians a message. Says Tisch: "With Howard Jarvis, we're going places. He's a hero, a father figure."



Passer-by sampling New York wares

### Rushing to a New High

#### *Poppers with a risky bang*

**A**mid the flashing strobe lights and pulsating beat of music in discos across the country, too many dancers are moving frenetically these days to the throb of their own physical highs. For them, Saturday night fever is heightened by a tiny amber bottle openly—and legally—held to the nose and sniffed. The contents, isobutyl nitrite, smell a bit like burning rubber, and the effect is intense and brief—lightheadedness and a sudden rush that makes the heart race and the body quiver. But the chemical's aftereffects can be most unpleasant: headaches, nausea, heart attacks and, with chronic use, possible liver and lung damage.

A kind of poor man's cocaine, isobutyl nitrite is known to users as a "popper" because its effects are similar to those of its restricted chemical cousin, amyl nitrite. Poppers have become the newest



Poor man's cocaine: containers of isobutyl nitrite

cheap kick for increasing numbers of people: manufacturers estimate that 5 million Americans regularly inhale the chemical, both on the dance floor and later in bed. Some people use it as a quick upper during the day. "I carry it with me all the time," says Ron Braun, 28, a California carpenter. "If I'm bored and want a rush, I take a sniff. It's a short break during the day."

The popper fad began among homosexuals, who first used amyl nitrite to enhance sexual pleasure. The drug dilates blood vessels, lowers blood pressure and, by distorting time perceptions, gives a sense of prolonging orgasm. When the FDA in 1969 classified amyl nitrite as a prescription drug, many homosexuals switched to isobutyl nitrite, which is not covered by the regulation.

**I**n 1976 Pacific Western Distributing Corp. of San Francisco came out with a mass-produced isobutyl nitrite product called Rush. As a result of aggressive marketing, poppers quickly spread to avant-garde heterosexuals. Marketed under such trade names as Bullet, Crypt and Locker Room, isobutyl nitrite is sold openly in some record stores, boutiques and pornographic bookstores. Poppers sell for \$4 to \$6 for about half an ounce, enough for up to 15 sniffs. According to Pacific Western Chairman W. Jay Freezer, retail sales totaled some \$20 million last year; he forecasts a 15% to 20% increase this year.

Thus far, only Connecticut has banned use of the chemical. "We have no solid evidence of damage," says David Ormsted, Connecticut assistant attorney general. "But we successfully argued the reasonable probability of harm. Our state doesn't require a dead body to ban a product." But drug- and law-enforcement officials in other states seem less concerned, noting that poppers are not addictive. Says Dr. George Michael, director of the food and drug division of the Massachusetts department of public health: "There are millions of chemicals that people can abuse. If people want to run around poisoning themselves, there is very little regulating officials can do." Besides, officials argue, the drug's own adverse effects act as a deterrent to chronic abuse. Recalls one Manhattan user: "It was the most terrifying experience of my life. After I sniffed it, I felt my heart was popping out of my chest. I had a headache for a long while after. I'll never touch it again."

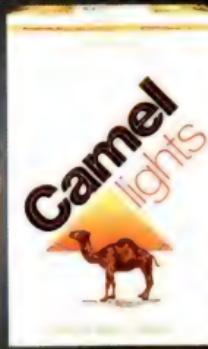
# New Camel Lights

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## Introducing the solution.

Until now, low tar cigarettes just couldn't deliver that full measure of taste and satisfaction you want. But this low tar filter cigarette, at 9 mg. tar, is different. It's a Camel. With a richer-tasting Camel blend that means satisfaction.

The solution is at hand. At last.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# The IBM Electronic Typewriter. A machine that lives up to your secretary's skills.

Chances are, your secretary spends a good deal of time at a typewriter.

And, chances are, a lot of that time is not devoted to typing. It's spent on peripheral matters that have always been a necessary but unproductive part of the typing process.

Like erasing errors. Backspacing to put in an underscore. Counting characters in order to center a line. Making tedious calculations for plotting column layouts and aligning numbers.

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IBM has developed a solution.

The new IBM Electronic Typewriter\* performs most routine typing functions automatically. Electronic logic takes over the labor of centering, word and line underscoring, erasing (from a single word to a whole line), column layout and number alignment. It also offers a valuable new capability: phrase storage with automatic playout.

The net result of such electronic assistance is

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More of the routine work of typing is now done by the typewriter, allowing the secretary to exercise skill and judgment, avoiding much tedium.

In a typewriter that does so much, it's important to point out what it *doesn't* do.

It *doesn't* require extensive retraining of your secretary. The keyboard is standard and the extra keys that control automatic functions are clearly marked.

It *doesn't* take up extra office space. A well-designed unit of pleasing appearance, it fits on top of an ordinary typewriter desk. There are no accessories. The machine is completely self-contained.

A skilled secretary deserves appropriate equipment. The combination is good for people and good for business.

Call your IBM Office Products Division Representative for a demonstration at your own office.



Office Products Division

\*Available in two models. Each offers a slightly different combination of automatic functions.

Introducing the IBM Electronic Typewriter.



# THE EXPENSIVE TOYOTA.



Introducing the limited edition Cressida. Compared to its competition it's a bargain. This new European sized Toyota luxury sedan and wagon best exemplify Toyota's automotive state-of-the-art. A larger, roomier car built with Toyota quality.

For a Toyota it may seem expensive. Compared to its competition it's a bargain. This new European sized Toyota luxury sedan and wagon best exemplify Toyota's automotive state-of-the-art. A larger, roomier car built with Toyota quality.

#### A standard 4-speed overdrive automatic transmission, the only one of its kind.

A Toyota engineering advancement not even found as an option on any other car. An automatic transmission that reduces engine RPMs by 31% in overdrive and delivers smooth, quiet, powerful performance. Attributes further enhanced by a 2.6 liter, 6-cylinder overhead cam engine. A combination unique to the Toyota Cressida.



A small price to pay for comfort. Cut pile carpeting cushions the feet. Your ears respond to AM/FM multiplex sounds. Your cool is maintained with air conditioning. Steering response is aided by power steering. And you're comforted in rich corduroy-type reclining bucket seats with adjustable driver's seat lumbar support. All standard.



Traditional Toyota values. Toyota economy of operation. Toyota dependable. The 1978 Cressida. "If you can find a better built small car than a Toyota... buy it." The new 1978 Cressida. Proof a well-built, luxury sedan can be acquired for only \$7,389. Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, California emissions or optional equipment.

# YOU GOT IT.



THE CRESSIDA SEDAN AND WAGON **TOYOTA**

©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 1978



In the *America*'s heyday as an ocean liner, it is welcomed to New York by fireboats (1946)

## Voyage of the Damned

*On a cruise to nowhere, getting there was not half the fun*

When the 723-ft. *America* was launched in 1939, it was the flag-ship of the United States Line, the country's largest, fastest, most luxurious liner. But 25 years later, when planes took over the transatlantic travel market, the ship began losing money and was sold to a Greek shipping firm that used it chiefly for cruises around the world. This month, having been resold and then refurbished at a cost of more than \$2 million, the *America* set sail from New York City on a new career and immediately ran into a sea of troubles.

Aboard the ship were 960 passengers headed for a "Cruise to Nowhere," an increasingly popular vacation trip in which passengers are promised a nonstop party aboard a floating hotel. Although the *America*'s owners, Venture Cruise Lines Inc., offered some cabins for \$149, nearly \$100 cheaper than its competitors, the company advertised facilities "as complete and luxurious as any cruise costing two and three times the price." Among the amenities were bars, a discotheque and a casino with blackjack tables, roulette wheels and slot machines.

Once aboard, many of the *America*'s passengers settled down for leisurely voyage, but some soon began complaining that their cabins were half-painted, had no beds or showers and were inhabited by roaches. Some toilets were clogged, while others would not stop running. One of the ship's pools remained empty for two days; the other, deep inside the vessel, could be reached only by clambering over piles of garbage and dirty laundry. Sales agents had overbooked the cruise, and tour officials herded all the waiting passengers on board, hoping somehow to accommodate them. But there were 150 more passengers than available cabins. Some vacationers had to bed down in unpainted rooms the size of closets. The less fortunate curled up on the deck next to their luggage.

As the ship steamed into the Atlantic, the disgruntled passengers began to mutiny. More than 100 of them drew up a petition to the state attorney general demanding refunds. Leonard Lansburgh, one of the ship's owners, tried to pacify

the passengers by announcing that drinks were on the house. It hardly helped. Fist-fights and swearing matches broke out. One drunken man took a swing at a woman purser, who thereupon screamed into the p.a. system, "Emergency! Emergency!" By then the crew—including Greeks, Jamaicans and Koreans, who had difficulty communicating both with one another and with the guests—began to protest too. One maître d' fled his dining room in dismay. Said he: "I'm going to stay and get killed by people!"

Finally, passengers began to chant, "We want to get off! Give us rooms, or let us off!" The *America* reversed course and arrived back at New York fewer than twelve hours after embarking. More than 250 vacationers jumped ship and were ferried by tugboat to Staten Island, where many were stranded for the rest of the night, cheered only by Lansburgh's promise of a full refund.



Deserters on the dock



Back in New York the cruise ship *America* discharges disgruntled passengers onto a tugboat. Chanted the vacationers: "We want to get off! Give us rooms, or let us off!"

The *America* and her remaining 700 passengers, meanwhile, resumed the Cruise to Nowhere. After two uneventful days at sea, the ship put into New York again and was met by public health inspectors. They flunked the *America* as unsanitary, awarding the ship only 32 points out of a possible 100. Still, because the ship's management promised to make repairs, they allowed the *America* to sail again that afternoon.

Filled with 641 new passengers bound for Nova Scotia, the *America* soon ran into more troubles. Off the coast of New England, a storm struck, bringing 20-ft. waves and 50-m.p.h. winds that forced the captain to cancel a stop at Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Fresh-water pipes broke and portholes began to leak. The plumbing backed up just as hundreds of passengers became seasick. Said Vicki Armstrong: "The sanitary conditions were just horrid—the gymnasium was full of human feces, and the ladies' room was flooded."

At Halifax, the ship was greeted by curious townspeople, dozens of reporters, several plumbers and a party of Canadian health inspectors. Because the ship did not endanger the health of Nova Scotians, officials let the *America* sail for New York. But 18 passengers abandoned ship and flew home.

Back in New York, Venture Cruise Lines desperately tried to undo the damage. "Lansburgh's one aim in life is for all the passengers to be happy," insisted a spokesman. In hope of making his next voyage more shipshape, Lansburgh canceled the next three scheduled cruises and announced that the *America* would spend 1½ weeks in port for more repairs. ■

## Time Essay

# Sightings of the Last New Nixon

*We'll survive. Despite all the polls and all the rest, I think there's still a hell of a lot of people out there—and you know, they want to believe ...*

—Nixon to Haldeman, April 25, 1973

I was not a re-emergence to compare with Napoleon's journey out of Elba exile to try to regain France. Nor was it precisely the great soap opera of redemption that occurred in the mid-'50s when the American people decided that Ingrid Bergman, disgraced adulteress, might be restored to favor. But somewhere in the historic procession from the majestic to the trivial, one might plausibly place Richard Nixon's trip to Hyden, Ky., over the Fourth of July weekend.

For the first time since he said goodbye to the White House staff four years ago and flew away to his self-imposed house arrest in San Clemente, Nixon came to speak at a fully public occasion. He had rejected 100,000 invitations. He chose Hyden carefully: a remote eastern Kentucky coal-mining town of 500, Republican since the Civil War, where the virtue of loyalty has been toughened into a kind of clannish defiance. Nixon rightly sensed that there he would find, unregenerate, some of the believers he described to H.R. Haldeman in the spring of 1973, when his Administration was in the first stages of its slow-motion collapse. "All Nixon did was stand by his friends," said the local motel owner in Hyden. "And that is one of the traits of us mountain people."

Hyden and the rest of Leslie County had reason to think well of Richard Nixon. His revenue-sharing program had, among other things, helped to build a new \$2.5 million recreation center (gymnasium, swimming pool, community center and tennis courts). Gerald Ford was invited to dedicate the center, but his schedule was full. To Hyden's surprise, Nixon accepted. Flying into a tiny nearby town in an executive jet, Nixon may have imagined himself in a time warp, transported back ten years to an old campaign. He found a crowd of 1,000, some of them had waited for three hours in 90 heat. They wore Nixon campaign buttons, some lugged his 1,120-page memoirs, the size of a small steamer trunk, hoping to get an autograph from the last President they truly and fully liked. "He should get around the country more and speak out," a local Republican committeewoman said with wistful truculence. "Other Presidents have done as bad as he ever did." But a friend of hers was not so sure. "He wouldn't ever want to run for public office again," she said. "He should just lead a quiet life from now on." Four satin-shirted high school musicians played *Hail to the Chief*. Nixon plunged into the crowd, pressing flesh, absorbing adulation like a man breaking a long fast.

As a limousine swept him into Hyden, a dusty red-brick collection of small shops, two pool halls, a drive-in movie and a motel, Nixon read banners that said THANKS FOR REVENUE SHARING, NIXON IS THE ONE, AND NOW MORE THAN EVER. After a night in the motel, Nixon rode to the dedication, where he

sat drenched in sweat in a non-air-conditioned auditorium packed with 4,500 people in 95 heat. A stream of east Kentucky dignitaries took their bows. Then Nixon, who looked wilted and dazed in those ceremonies, rallied for a 40-minute speech notable for its force and its predictability: the U.S. needs a strong military and intelligence capability, a strong economy, the will to fight "against aggressors who go under borders rather than over borders". At last, in a tumult of approval, he invoked the "real America—a spirit you'll find in great cities and small towns, in factories and mines. I know that spirit is strong in the heartland of America, Leslie County, Kentucky."

The Kentucky venture was Richard Nixon's latest tentative and gingerly stage of re-emergence, certainly not into public life but at least, for brief moments, into the viewfinders of public attention. A year ago he sat for the David Frost television interviews. Last winter he went to Hubert Humphrey's funeral. He and Pat flew to New York and the Bahamas, making small banter with photographers at stops along the way. They threw a party back at Casa Pacifica for some 300 returned Viet Nam P.O.W.s. Nixon also gave a party to celebrate the publication of his memoirs. Despite the \$19.95 price and the many early (somewhat gluttonous) predictions of failure, the book has been riding for weeks now in the middle ranges of the bestseller lists.

Disraeli once called Gladstone's ministers "a range of exhausted volcanoes." In the past couple of years, Watergate and its players have seemed similarly defunct: the political passions of the scandals expired, parole boards and literary agents tidyng up like janitors, attending to the last details. And now, again, Nixon reappears, one of the strangest, loneliest, most complicated and interesting political figures in American history.

This discreet apparition just dancing now on the margins of publicity raises some fascinating questions.

Will Nixon, who has been pronounced politically dead so many times before, be able to rehabilitate himself in the American imagination? Is there sufficient rightward veer in American politics these days to coax along a bit of revisionism about Watergate? If Nixon has by now exhausted the role of American villain, the political Grendel who tape-recorded himself snarling under the bridge, then what role might he still play, if any? An eventual party emeritus, perhaps, grudgingly respected and sought out for his savvy in foreign policy?

Politicians of both parties agree that Nixon could never run for public office again. One California Republican who was asked about Nixon's future grimaced: "Bringing him up again is like poking a dying frog to see if you can get one last jump out of him." But the man undoubtedly still arouses extremes of feeling. Distaste, contempt and even hatred rise almost reflexively in many Americans at the sound of his voice. The late Stewart Alsop, attempting to explain this automatic reaction to Nixon, once told the story of an argument he had about Franklin Roosevelt. Young Alsop had his collegiate defenses of F.D.R. demolished by a recollective old Republican who declared: "A man who does



The welcome in Hyden, Ky.  
Where loyalty toughens into defiance



In '95' heat, Nixon dedicated a recreation center and absorbed adulation like a man who was breaking a long fast.

not dislike and distrust Franklin Roosevelt by instinct, without asking for reasons, is no gentleman." Plenty of Americans feel that way about Nixon: it is an allergy, a gag reflex.

Furthermore, a devastating disillusion cost Nixon whole brigades of his most loyal supporters four years ago, after the tapes revealed that he had lied in his frantic exertions at self-defense and survival. One aide told him bitterly, according to Theodore H. White, "Those who served you best hate you most." Yet there remains in the U.S. a vague, perhaps unmeasurable feeling that, after all, Watergate was not all that bad, that its catastrophic results were out of all proportion to the wrongs that were done. It is conceivable, goes the reasoning, that he was only defending friends in the White House who had done stupid things, gone too far in their zeal. Or perhaps his only mistake was in getting caught.

The Lasky Syndrome enters here: in his best-selling book last year called *It Didn't Start with Watergate*, the muckraking conservative journalist Victor Lasky detailed prior presidential offenses—what he says were Franklin Roosevelt's uses of the FBI to dig up scandal on his enemies and to tap the home phones of his top advisers, the spectacular array of extramarital affairs that Jack Kennedy paraded through Camelot, the Kennedy wiretaps on Martin Luther King Jr., and so on. Why was only Nixon driven from office for his offenses when he had such precedents for misbehavior? The three articles of impeachment adopted by the House Judiciary Committee were specific and damning. It takes a kind of ethical myopia not to understand that the accumulated offenses of Watergate were different. But in many Americans' minds, the scandal recedes with the years into a small, dark tangle of legacies, a smudge of vengeful newspaper ink.

When Dick Nixon was starting out in California in the '40s, some Republicans liked to say to one another: "He's our kind of guy." Despite Watergate, despite the universally acknowledged unlovability of Nixon, he still seems to many Americans "our kind of guy," in rudely defined contrast to "their" kind of guy. It is partly a cultural division—the difference between a sort of Nixon Class (some businessmen, blue-collar workers, large portions of Middle America) and the New Class made up of people who deal in symbols and information, not things: people from universities, Government welfare agencies, publishing houses, the communications industry, consumer groups, environmental causes. All kinds of litmus tests can be ap-

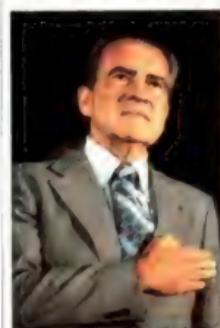
plied to identify the New Class: What do you think of abortion? Of capital punishment? Do you drive a Volvo? (The distinction is hardly complete or infallible: plenty of businessmen and blue-collar workers detest Nixon.) Some have argued that Watergate was the effort (a successful one) by the New Class to repeal the results of the 1972 election. Well, crime is crime. Congress and the courts, not the New Class, brought Nixon down. But the argument has a metaphorical, symbolic appeal to those who feel Nixon was destroyed for who and what he was, not what he did.

The Democrat now sitting in the White House and suffering his own troubles in the polls is also altering the perspective with which Americans view Watergate. Nixon's foreign policy accomplishments—China, SALT, the Middle East and the rest—look pretty good against the developing Democratic record. The chillier international weather involving Russia makes many nostalgic for Henry Kissinger. Walter Lippmann wrote several years ago: "Nixon's role in American history has been that of a man who had to liquidate, defuse, deflate the exaggeration of the romantic period of American imperialism and American inflation: inflation of promises, inflation of hopes.... I think on the whole he has done pretty well at it."

After all sifting of reasons, however, it is difficult for Americans to know what to do emotionally with Richard Nixon. A compassionate and even sentimental people with a kind of friendly compulsion to forgive, they would be disposed to accept Nixon, to leave the past for historians to sort out. But some token of repentance seems to be an informal condition for that. Nixon, in his soft avowal during the Frost interviews

that "I let the American people down" and some gentle self-accusations in his memoirs, appears to have traveled as far as he psychologically can toward contrition. It is possible that he will never forgive either the enemies who brought him low, or himself (those given to psychobiography would argue that they amount to the same thing). Perhaps Nixon will grow old in America as a kind of strange, unregenerate presence viewed with indifference, curiosity or eventually the respect that is accorded, with a short laugh and an incredulous shake of the head, to the unrepentant survivor.

—Lance Morrow





Marlboro Lights Cigarettes

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# Americana



## Fa-la-la-la-la...

Twas the season to be jolly for Bart and Evelyn Brizzolara of Evergreen Park, Ill. While other families in the Chicago suburb celebrated the Fourth of July by waving flags or lighting firecrackers, the Brizzolaras brought up their cartons of Christmas decorations from the basement, hung an evergreen wreath and holly on the front door and gathered around their Christmas tree.

The Brizzolaras' odd custom began six years ago, after several years in which illness, distance and conflicting engagements kept the family members apart on Christmas Day. Brizzolara, an accountant, and his wife invited their three children to try July 4. Two years ago Brizzolara even put on a Santa Claus suit for the grandchildren.

The Brizzolaras do not ignore the regular Christmas. "We just do everything twice a year—carols, turkey dinner, the works," says Grandma Brizzolara. That includes every kid's dream, twice as many presents. By now, the summer holiday is known as "Grandma's Christmas," and neighbors send the Brizzolaras cards wishing them a merry Fourth of July.

## Lawless General Custer

What if General George Armstrong Custer had defeated the Sioux at the Little Bighorn? He would have had to make another last stand—against the Northwest Telegraph Co. Just two months before the historic battle, Ma Morse was dunning Custer for an overdue bill that amounted to more than a hundred dollars. "His case is peculiarly aggravating from the fact that he is utterly lawless in all of his transactions with us," complained C. H. Haskins, general superintendent of the company, in a furious letter to General A. H. Terry in St. Paul, Minn. "We hoped that he would do better by and by."

This 102-year-old embarrassment to Custer's reputation was discovered by Jim

Masters, an employee of the Wisconsin Telephone Co.'s legal department, while researching the early formation of the company in its pioneer museum. Was there a follow-up letter? Says Masters: "Two months later there was no reason for further correspondence."

## Chickening Out

Any visitors to the Chicken Ranch in La Grange, Texas, who thought it was a competitor of Colonel Sanders would have been in for a surprise. Known as "the best little whorehouse in Texas," and celebrated under that title in a current Broadway musical hit, the Chicken Ranch did a brisk business until a Houston television station broadcast an "expose" about it five years ago. That shamed the state authorities into shutting it down. Last September a shrewd lawyer moved the Chicken Ranch, virtually intact, to Dallas, where it became a sort of disco restaurant serving Spanish chicken, Mexican chicken, Swiss chicken and so on. Unfortunately for him, the Chicken Ranch's customers were not really interested in those dishes, and four months later the place closed down for good.

Last week, however, sentimental Texans had a chance to bid on all the gaudy furnishings. "It's part of Texas history," exulted Dallas Housewife Rena Winfield, who came away with two bar stools supported by pairs of shapely legs. A bag of brass tokens, embossed with the motto "Good for all night," went for \$30. David Grayson, a rancher from southern Texas, paid \$65 for the outhouse, which he planned to re-establish back home "just for nostalgia." One of the most curious objects of all was a chest of drawers with money slots labeled Thelma, Velma, Miss Lilli, etc. The triumphant new owner, who paid \$30 for it, identified herself as Geneva Hooker.



## Trapped Air Force

Senator William Proxmire's "Golden Fleeces of the Month" awards often go to the armed forces for such maneuvers as landscaping a Marine general's home, junketing Navy officers to a private reunion in Las Vegas, or providing free firewood for some Air Force officers. Proxmire had a perfect opportunity to award one of them to the Air Force last week, when he discovered it had allocated \$18,799 in Government money for filling the sand traps in the golf course at Lackland



Air Force Base in Texas. The Pentagon's retort: "We report shamefacedly that the military indeed provides some recreational facilities for its people." Proxmire, no foe of phys. ed., in turn said that he had no objection to the Air Force's maintaining golf courses "as long as it is accomplished with nonappropriated funds, and that means not with taxpayers' money." But isn't that par for the course?

## A strange story

Is everyone charmed by all those quaint es in "olde" and "shoppe" that adorn so many signs in America's historic "townes"? Evidently there is a citizen of Alexandria, Va., who isn't. The anonymous zealot set forth one night with a brush and a can of brown paint and x-ed out the superfluous es in the Olde Towne Flower Shoppe sign. Elaine's of Olde Towne, the Kitchen Shoppe, and the Olde Towne Tennis Shop also soon fell prey. This cultural resistance movement is causing, well, some local unease. "We don't know who is responsible for this," said Olde Towne Tennis Shop Manager Marilyn Anderson. "We like the es. It's part of the town's heritage." The city's official guidebooks demur. Says Alexandria Travel Guide Helen Judy: "The official spelling is Old Town. No es."

**"I burned  
my business  
to the ground.**

**Thanks,  
America, for  
helping pay  
for it."**

—Anon.

Arson fires cost over \$1 billion last year. Who pays for this billion dollar bonfire? We *all* do.

When somebody decides to put a match to his business it is tough to prove. When arson for profit can't be proven, the insurance company has no choice but to pay. All of us contribute to these soaring damage claims by paying more for our own property insurance. Because insurance is merely sharing a risk among many.

What can you do about it?

Help to have arson classified as a major crime. One with the same high priority for prosecution as robbery.

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Rockets fired by Syrian forces from a high-rise apartment building under construction light up the night sky over East Beirut

## World

LEBANON

# Agony for a Troubled Land

*"It's hard to watch and not feel sorry for us all"*

**A** terrible civil war that never really ended exploded anew last week. Syrian military forces, which had moved into Lebanon in 1976 to control Palestinian and Muslim leftists then threatening Christian political elements in the country and had stayed on as part of an Arab peace-keeping force, were now waging war against the Christians they had once rescued from defeat. After six days of heavy fighting around Beirut that left more than 200 dead and 500 wounded, a shaky cease-fire went into effect. But not before the conflict had nearly triggered the resignation of President Elias Sarkis and threatened to engulf the region in a deadly confrontation between Israel and Syria.

The renewed fighting was touched off by a bitter feud involving the country's three major Christian factions: Pierre Gemayel's Phalangists, Camille Chamoun's National Liberals, and forces loyal to former President Suleiman Franjeh, a close ally of Syrian President Hafez Assad. The dispute centers on the fact that Gemayel and Chamoun would like to create a separate Christian state in northern Leba-

non, while Franjeh supports a unified nation. Franjeh also believes the country's sovereignty is best guaranteed by the presence of the Syrian army.

While the Syrians have been maintaining the peace in areas controlled by the Palestinians and Muslim left, Gemayel and Chamoun have seized the opportunity to build up their own military forces. During the past three months, Gemayel's 15,000-man army, which is led by Israeli-trained officers, has tried to extend its influence over areas loyal to the other Christian chieftains. In several incidents, the Phalangists fired on Syrian soldiers, who initially retreated rather than get involved in pitched battles. Boasting about their "victories over the Syrian occupation," the Phalangists last month attacked the resort village of Ehden, killing Franjeh's son Tony, his wife and daughter and 30 other people in a bold attempt to seize control of a sector of Lebanon near the seaport of Tripoli that had traditionally been dominated by the former President.

Angered by this attack on his old friend, Assad decided it was time to crush

the obstreperous Phalange. Using heavy artillery and rocket barrages, Syrian forces last week bombarded towns and installations controlled by Phalangist and National Liberal militiamen. The heaviest fire was concentrated on East Beirut, where both Gemayel's and Chamoun's headquarters went up in flames. "This is genocide against the Christians of Lebanon," protested Chamoun. Lebanese Foreign Minister Fuad Butros rushed to Damascus in a vain attempt to arrange a cease-fire. But Syria's tough Defense Minister Mustafa Tlas responded: "The Syrian army will strike with an iron fist to destroy the Phalangist and Chamounist gangs." Asserted Radio Damascus: "Syria is impartial. We fight lawless elements within the Christian community just as we fought the Palestinians—to restore peace to Lebanon."

The renewed fighting, reported TIME's Abu Said Abu Rish last week, left sections of Beirut looking like devastated outposts of World War II, "with flames on all sides, the clamor of sirens and the convulsions of shells exploding. Nobody can remember it being this bad even dur-

ing the worst days of the civil war when [predominantly Muslim] West Beirut was under fire. Watching the destruction of East Beirut now is like watching in horror as a neighbor and his house are blown to bits. I managed to telephone one friend who had spent the night in a cellar under intense bombardment. The line was scratchy and the voice indistinct. It simply repeated the word 'hell.' Then the line went dead.

"Many Christian families who survived the civil war in West Beirut had gone to the eastern part of the city to try and start a new life. They said it would be safer there. Now black smoke hangs over it like a cloud smelling of death. Shells land every three minutes. In the Phalangist stronghold of Ain Rumaneh, every house has been hit and many leveled. One man who ran upstairs during a lull to salvage an old family heirloom had his legs blown off. The guns keep firing, the Phalange radio says hundreds are homeless, and it's hard to watch and not feel sorry for us all. You would think we had had enough."

Syria's Assad believes the security of his own country is tied directly to that of Lebanon. If the Christian forces upset the balance of power in the country, and successfully turned half of Lebanon into an Israeli-backed mini-state, Israel's forces would be that much closer to Syria by land and sea. For its part, Israel fears that a Syrian-dominated Lebanon, with leftist Muslims in control, would turn the country into another confrontation state.

To make its feelings forcefully plain, Israel sent eight Kfir fighters screaming in over Beirut. The low-flying jets broke the sound barrier, shattering windows and creating panic. The overflight was clearly intended as a warning to the Syrians by the Israelis, who also strengthened their positions along the Golan Heights and their border with Lebanon. Declared Major General Shlomo Gazit, chief of Israeli military intelligence: "Israel will not watch peacefully the Christian massacre in Beirut." In response, the Syrian air force went on alert, and Damascus rushed armored units of its own to the Golan Heights, where its usual three divisions had been pared to one because of peacekeeping responsibilities in Lebanon.

**W**ith events rapidly careening out of control, President Sarkis, a Christian, announced that he could no longer exert the authority bestowed on him by the constitution and would resign. The announcement shocked Lebanon: the squabbling Christian leaders, as well as many Muslim spokesmen, urged Sarkis to reconsider. U.S. Ambassador to Lebanon Richard Parker interceded with Damascus, asking the Syrians to accept Sarkis' demands that: 1) all major factions submit to his authority, and 2) the Syrians ease their pressure and give him time to maneuver. At week's end Assad called Sarkis and promised him that he was ready to accept Sarkis' conditions. There was no im-



**A Syrian soldier mans a rocket launcher from a sandbag barricade**

*A new bloodletting that threatened to provoke an international confrontation.*

mediate response from the Christian factions, but Sarkis reluctantly stayed on for the time being at least.

The renewal of fighting in Lebanon raised the threat of a serious confrontation between Syria and Israel, just as the Carter Administration was seeking to infuse new momentum into Middle East peace-making efforts. Both the White House and the State Department issued statements deplored the hostilities and appealed to "all parties with influence over the situation" to try to bring about an immediate end to the fighting. Washington conveyed to Damascus its strong disapproval of the Syrian shelling of Phalangist strongholds and also warned Israel not to intervene. Meanwhile, American officials at

United Nations headquarters discussed with other Western diplomats the possibility of convoking an urgent session of the Security Council.

Maintaining stability in Lebanon is essential to U.S. peacemaking efforts in the Middle East. Any clash of Syrian and Israeli forces would almost surely cause the collapse of the forthcoming foreign ministers talks between Israel and Egypt in London. Anwar Sadat is barely on speaking terms with Assad because of their disagreements about the Egyptian President's peace initiatives. Nonetheless, a Syrian-Israeli confrontation would probably compel Sadat to break off peace negotiations in the name of Arab solidarity. ■



**Pajama-clad Christians in Beirut examine damage done to their church by shelling**

*Like watching in horror as a neighbor and his house are blown to bits.*

# World

MIDDLE EAST

## Agreeing to Try Again

The U.S. arranges a get-together for Israel and Egypt

**I**srael and Egypt are willing to talk again. The two foes, who have not engaged in direct negotiations since talks broke off in January, agreed last week to meet each other in London later this month at a foreign ministers conference arranged by the U.S. with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance presiding. Neither side, though, was very hopeful about the outcome. Quipped Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan: "It will probably be a waste of time, but I like London. I might even see some shows I missed."

The joint commitment was the major achievement of Vice President Walter

The Sadat proposal gave no ground either. It called for the withdrawal of Israeli forces and settlements from both territories, under the supervision of the United Nations. In a five-year transition period, during which a final agreement would be negotiated, the West Bank would be under Jordanian authority and Gaza returned to Egyptian protection. The plan also demanded the return of East Jerusalem to Arab authority; the Arab section of the Holy City has been formally merged with Israeli West Jerusalem since 1967.

On the volatile issue of Palestinian

another hard-line speech, a Western diplomat in Israel sadly remarked that "the diplomatic Novocain has already worn off"—a reference to the fleeting benefits of Mondale's visit to Jerusalem.

Although Begin and Dayan gave the U.S. Vice President a cordial welcome, TIME has learned that other high-ranking officials actually orchestrated several noisy "Mondale go home" demonstrations by members of the religious nationalist *Gush Emunim* group, which has sponsored a number of West Bank settlements. On one occasion, a police truck was used to transport demonstrators to different spots along the Vice President's route, where the noise from shouting and horn honking frequently drowned out Mondale's conversations with his hosts. Said one high-ranking source about the demonstrators: "The orders to let them through and to behave nicely toward them came directly from the Premier's office."

In talks with Mondale, both Begin and Dayan expressed deep pessimism about the London meeting. Sadat was equally gloomy, but he nonetheless agreed to send Foreign Minister Mohammed Ibrahim Kamal in the hope that somehow his Jerusalem initiative might be revived. If the Israelis show interest in accepting the basic principle of Sadat's plan—custody of the West Bank to Jordan, Gaza to Egypt—then it will be viewed in Cairo as a sign of progress. In light of what the Egyptians feel is a hard line by Begin, Sadat has revised his timetable for peace. Says one of Sadat's top advisers: "We're now thinking in terms of a much longer time span. This will not be the year for peace. So we've got to explore a new route."

Toward that end, the Egyptian President is sending out peace feelers to Begin's potential successors in office. Over the weekend, Sadat met in Vienna with Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres, who last week told Austrian journalists that his party is "ready to retreat from some territories" if it is returned to power.



Vice President Mondale and Egyptian President Sadat at press conference in Alexandria

Thinking in terms of a longer time span but still willing to explore a new route to peace.

Mondale's four-day tour of the Middle East. As Mondale left Alexandria for Washington last week, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat handed him a new six-point peace plan to pass on to Israel. The plan is Egypt's response to a 26-point proposal presented by Israeli Premier Menachem Begin at the Ismailia conference last December. Washington sources optimistically contended that the two plans, although predictably far apart on every major issue, would serve as "a fair basis for negotiations."

The sticking point, in both cases, involves the future of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, occupied by Israel since the 1967 war. Israel's plan would grant a limited degree of self-rule to the territories. Despite U.S. pressure, Jerusalem has refused to commit itself to giving eventual self-determination to the 1.1 million Palestinians living in the regions.

representation. Sadat's proposal was deliberately vague. "Representatives of the Palestinian people," it noted, would have a voice in deciding a final settlement. But it made no mention of the Palestine Liberation Organization, with whom Israel has refused to negotiate. That alone, in the view of some Western diplomats, was a hopeful signal that the Egyptians were trying to avoid any wording that might unnecessarily antagonize the Israelis.

Israeli officials were not impressed. They dismissed Sadat's proposals as a hardening of the Egyptian position. Said one Israeli official: "Egypt has gone back to square minus-one." Nonetheless, Israeli officials were convinced that they should go to London, if only to help dispel Jerusalem's image as the "bad guy" who was the stumbling block to a peace settlement. But after Premier Begin made

The U.S. aim in London, meanwhile, will be to play a discreet yet forceful role in bridging gaps where a consensus seems possible. There is no intention, for the moment, of submitting a U.S. "plan," although some State Department officials privately concede that floating a last-ditch American sketch might prove more palatable than reverting to yet another call for a Geneva parley. Washington also wants to persuade both sides to cool their public rhetoric and explore the possibilities of working through more private channels. "Israel and Egypt have, in a sense, always negotiated in public, and when seen in that light, the differences in their positions are understandable," said one U.S. Middle East expert. "To find some convergence, we have to get them talking in less public form."

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## World



France's Giscard d'Estaing and West Germany's Schmidt at Bremen meeting

### THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

## Toward a Tag-Team Match in Bonn

Europe prepares to take on Carter at an economic summit

Leaders of the seven major industrial powers\* will meet in Bonn next week for their fourth economic summit since 1975. Superficially, the atmosphere will be like a board meeting of a multinational corporation. In reality, the spirit of the two-day session will be more like a three-sided tag-team wrestling match.

In one corner will be the U.S., dogged by a huge trade deficit and insistent that West Germany and Japan stimulate their domestic economies to help world recovery. In another corner, Europe, led by West Germany, and adamant that the U.S. cut its oil imports to straighten out its trade imbalance and firm up the dollar. In the third corner will be Japan, embarrassed by a massive trade surplus with both the U.S. and Europe and pleading for more time to cut it back by stimulating demand at home.

In Washington, the White House support team that will accompany President Carter to Bonn completed its negotiating briefs and studied the latest economic indicators. They did not make for cheerful reading. New Government estimates published last week forecast a U.S. inflation rate of more than 7% for 1978 and lower economic expansion than previously expected (see cover). Not only was Congress still stalled on the President's energy package, but the Senate has threatened to block any draconian attempts by the Administration to impose levies or quo-

tas on oil imports. In short, Carter will arrive in Bonn with a somewhat weakened U.S. bargaining hand.

In Tokyo, Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda announced that he expected appreciation in Bonn for Japan's efforts to reduce its huge surpluses by restraining exports and prodding domestic activity to a 7% growth. Other Japanese policymakers, however, complained that Tokyo's laborers will come to naught unless Washington helps out by controlling the dollar. "It will all be in vain if the U.S. does not cooperate," said Economic Planning Agency Director Kiichi Miyazawa. "The fact that our surpluses continue to increase despite our efforts is due mainly to U.S. foot-dragging on her energy problem and inflation." (Another cause of the surplus, U.S. officials argue, is the inability of American exporters to penetrate the highly protected Japanese market.)

In Europe, meanwhile, the nine national leaders of the European Community staged a dress rehearsal summit of their own in the ancient port of Bremen, a favorite city of their host and current chairman, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. After two days of sometimes chummy, sometimes quarrelsome discussions in the tapestry-lined rooms of Bremen's gabled, 15th century city hall, the Club of Nine produced a three-point package that leaders of the four big European states will offer in Bonn.

First, they drafted a new monetary

scheme to stabilize international exchange rates that would reconstruct the dismembered European "snake" (which once tied all Community currencies to a narrow range of fluctuation, only to be abandoned over the years by Britain, France and Italy), backed by a new, large reserve fund.

Next, they agreed to cut Common Market oil consumption by half over the next seven years. The pledge obviously put strong new pressure on Carter to curtail U.S. oil imports as well. In return, the Europeans were prepared to offer a concession of their own—an indication by West Germany of willingness to expand its economy slightly, thus complying with a long-standing U.S. demand that Bonn pull its weight and help move the world economy toward real recovery.

Schmidt is likely to be an equally loquacious host in Bonn. Strengthened by the results of last March's parliamentary elections, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing also has been exercising more clout. The team of Schmidt and Giscard, in fact, has raised worries among the others about an emerging "EC directorate" composed of the Community's two most powerful members.

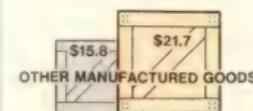
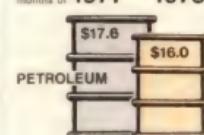
Indeed, the important decisions at Bremen appeared to stem directly from German initiative and French endorsement. The centerpiece of the discussions was the new European monetary system, a Schmidt brainchild first brought up at a Community summit at Copenhagen last April and approved in principle by Giscard at a meeting with the West German leader in Hamburg two weeks ago.

The plan is designed to shelter Com-

### CHANGING U.S. IMPORTS

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## World

munity countries against fluctuations of the dollar, as well as other currencies, and thus also help stabilize the dollar itself. Schmidt's proposal features two devices: 1) a so-called boa of currencies, which would have more leeway than the old snake to let weaker currencies, such as Britain's pound and Italy's lira, initially move up and down within a broader margin than the stronger currencies; and 2) a kind of "mini-IMF" of pooled reserves from which the members could automatically draw funds to support their currencies and deter speculation.

The proposals initially drew prickly opposition. At Dutch instigation, four small countries called a separate caucus to sulk over what they regarded as West German and French highhandedness. British Prime Minister James Callaghan, who is reluctant to inhibit the pound in any case, argued that the scheme could be construed by Washington as a move against the dollar. Schmidt proved to be one step ahead of his critics. In a series

of telephone calls to Carter, he apparently succeeded in getting Washington's blessing for the monetary idea. Said a ranking German finance ministry official: "We can't see why the British should be worried about its effects on the Americans if the Americans themselves are satisfied it is not designed against them."

**W**hite House approval of Schmidt's boa is not necessarily a harbinger of sweetness and light at Bonn. The personal relationship between Schmidt and Carter has been poor and has only recently begun to improve, and the West German offer to increase growth if the U.S. moves to solve its deficit problems will probably not be enough to satisfy Washington. The President, though, will have an unexpected new argument to present to the Chancellor. The biggest source of the U.S. trade deficit is not oil but industrial imports from West Germany and Japan (see chart). Department of Commerce figures released last week showed

that machinery and manufactured goods, including everything from ships and machine tools to bicycles and radios, account for twice as much of the deficit as oil does. At the same time, oil imports have so far dropped by 9.6% this year.

The Administration's case is that U.S. consumption of more goods from Germany and Japan puts a moral burden on those countries to stimulate growth at home. West Germany will not be easily sold by that argument and will contend that the U.S. import trend is only recent and largely technical. "It won't wash," scoffed a top Schmidt aide. "For both economic and psychological reasons, Washington must tighten the U.S. belt on energy." In the end, politics may help save the day. As host and European spokesman, Schmidt will be personally anxious to avoid a failure. And as a state visitor in West Germany for two days preceding the economic summit—with an overseas opportunity to brighten his dim poll ratings—Carter surely will be too. ■

## An Island in the Gulag

**A**t first glance, the pastoral scene pictured below recalls a nostalgic postcard view of old Russia. Perched on the banks of a winding river are a sleepy village, a monastery, an Eastern Orthodox church and a bell tower. Closer inspection, however, discloses some grim hallmarks of the new Russia: armed sentries in a guard tower and a group of prisoners marching off to work. Two unique photos, secretly taken this year and obtained by TIME from a Russian human rights activist, offer a rare glimpse of the thousands of "islands" in the U.S.S.R.'s *gulag* archipelago.

The pictures show a concentration camp on the Tvertsa River (a tributary of the Volga) near Torzhok, 130 miles northwest of Moscow. The 18th century Borisoglebsky Monastery, with its church and tower—once a tourist attraction—has been converted into a prison for convicts who are marched into town to do heavy construction work.

Similar camps are scattered throughout the U.S.S.R. Although the number of prisoners in the *gulag* has been radically reduced since Stalin's death, Russia's leading dissident, Physicist Andrei Sakharov, estimates that there are still 1.7 million. At least 10,000 have been imprisoned for their political or religious beliefs.



Left: at edge of Tvertsa River, guards assemble prisoners (inset) for march to hard-labor detail in town. Right: guard tower atop the exterior fence of Torzhok camp. In background: Borisoglebsky Monastery, now a prison

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## World

NORTHERN IRELAND

# Ten Years Later: Coping and Hoping

*There is less violence, more repugnance against terrorism, but no real solution—yet*

**H**onorable members dived for cover under their antique, leather-padded benches last week as demonstrators protesting Britain's military presence in Northern Ireland hurled something worse than slogans at the august mother of parliaments. Despite strict security, a man and a woman had managed to smuggle a truly noxious bundle of objections into the visitors' gallery at Westminster—packages of horse manure. After bombing the M.P.s with the missiles, the coprophilic dissidents—one of whom was Yana Mintoff, 26, daughter of the Prime Minister of Malta—were dragged off by police.

The extraordinary invasion signified the onset of Ulster's "marching season," when the war-weary province's Catholics and Protestants celebrate—separately and often violently—past sectarian milestones. This week Protestants will don their orange sashes to parade through Belfast in honor of William of Orange's victory over England's last Catholic monarch, James II, at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. Four weeks later, their opponents will parade in doleful memory of "Internment Day," the anniversary of a 1971 British military roundup where hundreds of Catholics were jailed without trials.

Ten sad years have passed since a peaceful civil rights movement blossomed among the Catholic minority, unexpectedly catalyzing violence and hatred in Northern Ireland. To date, the war between Ulster's Catholics and the Protestant majority—with British army regulars caught between—has left 1,837 dead, thousands disabled, and an uncountable number seared with fury against their neighbors. (Among the most recent fatalities: two Ulster constables, a reserve member of that force, and a young Belfast Catholic.) TIME London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo reports on Ulster today, and how its people have learned to cope with terror, and even to hope that it may some day end.

At the gate to the Protestant cemetery on Catholic Falls Road in Belfast, Canon Padraig Murphy, a towering Roman Catholic priest, and the Rev. Terence Rodgers, Rector of the Protestant Church of Ireland, greet families who have come to visit their dead. It is "Friendship Sunday"—one of four during the year when Protestants can be guaranteed safe conduct into this Catholic stronghold. The two men find discernible improvement in attitudes in Belfast, while reluctantly acknowledging that a new outbreak of violence has left nine dead in the preceding ten days. "A lot of it isn't political any more," observed Rodgers. "It is sheer gangsterism." Murphy concurs: "It only takes a few thugs

to hold the whole community at ransom."

The two clergymen are fearful that Belfast is being unfairly portrayed around the world. But a first impression of the city is upsetting. Streetside windows are bricked against bombs. Barricades seal off free movement: the downtown shopping area is accessible only at stringently guarded checkpoints. British soldiers patrol the streets, 13,800 of them for six counties with 1.5 million people. And there is the fence, a political statement of corrugated metal that jaggedly separates Protestant and Catholic neighborhoods.

In rural south Armagh, a border county known as a stronghold of the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army (Provo), Eugene Reavey, a Catholic, declares: "The deaths mean no more than highway statistics. If it doesn't touch you, you don't notice." Three of the dead were his brothers. Two were gunned down as they watched television in the family cottage. A third lived long enough to relate the fact that the killers were in British army uniforms. No one knows for certain, however, what Protestant faction (some Ulstermen are volunteer British army members) was behind the atrocity. Reavey lives with fear. His wife, Roisin, talks of leaving the country when their three young children reach their teen years. Reavey, a prosperous builder and poultry consultant, looks at his six-month-old son gurgling happily, and reluctantly agrees: "The young fellow, I worry about him."

Leaving the country is not really an option for the average family. Money is scarce, roots are deep. On Belfast's hazardous Springfield Road, the Catholic Anthony Meli family speaks for those, both

**Protestant organization parading in Dromara**



**Gutted car and bombed-out Belfast**

**Row housing in Londonderry with graffiti**





Members of Queen's Own Highlanders sweeping countryside on hunt for Irish Republican Army



Reavey parents visiting sons' graves

Worrying about the young



Wife of slain Ulster constable, ambushed by the I.R.A., is comforted at funeral

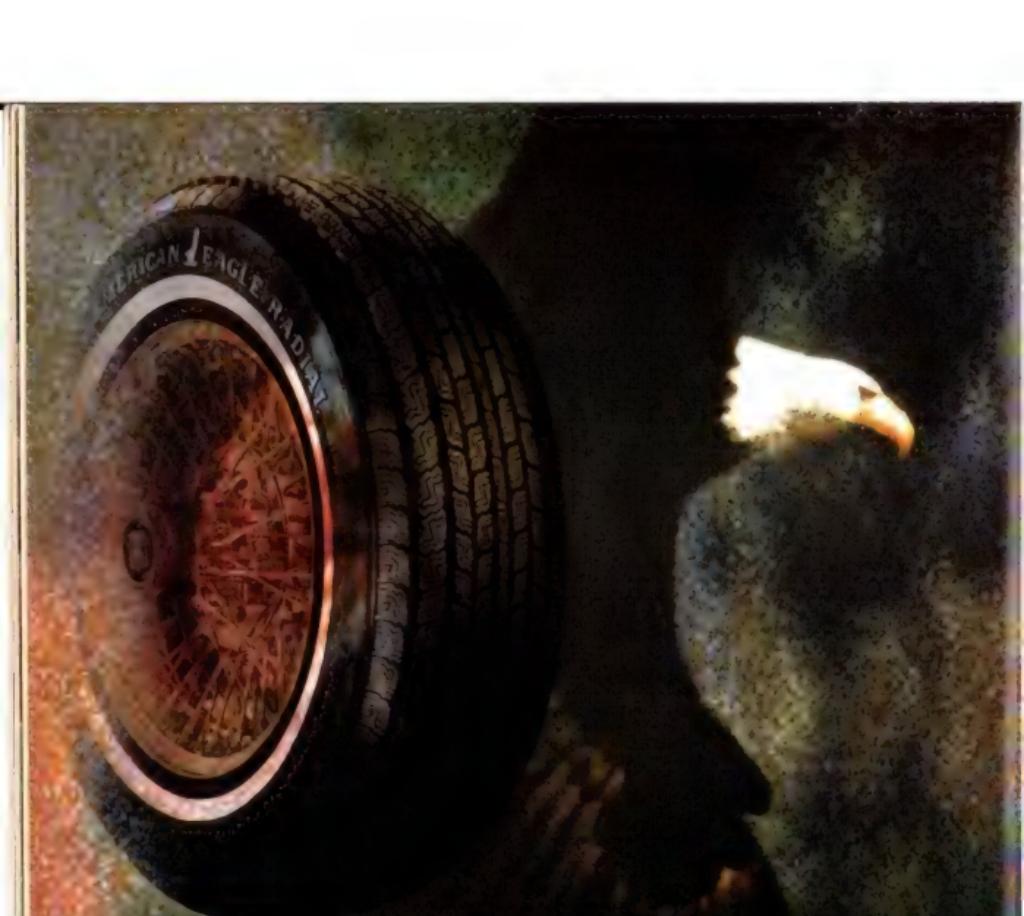
slogan of Protestant Ulster Volunteer Force

tioned casualty. "This is my fifth time," she said impassively. "The reason? I don't consider reason at all." She sighed heavily. "But, oh yes, I'll open again."

Still, the level of violence in Ulster did seem to be abating, until recent days. This may in part reflect a drop in American contributions "to help the widows and orphans of Ireland," which instead bought arms for the Provos. This aid, sometimes offered innocently to relieve hardship, had been estimated at some \$2 million annually. This year New York Governor Hugh Carey and Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy have led a public drive to halt that flow of funds. War-weary Catholics are increasingly turning their backs on the Provos. Protestant militance also has declined, and even the activist Ulster Defense Association is beginning to talk about nonviolent solutions to the excruciating dilemma.

Austin Currie, 38, is the protesting Ulster parliamentarian whose initial sit-in at a County Tyrone public housing development sparked the civil rights movement. He now lives outside Dungannon in a house equipped with bulletproof glass, security locks, alarms and floodlights. The house, peppered with 68 bullet holes, has been attacked more than 20 times by extremists of both sides. Currie's wife Anita has been brutally beaten by intruders, who scratched UVF (for the Protestant Ulster Volunteer Force) on her bosom. Says Currie: "What has happened here over the past ten years is only larger and more intense than what has happened in the past 60 or longer. The reality is that whether we like it or not, we all live on the same small island, and our political futures are bound to one another." Looking back over the decade since his housing sit-in, he observes that "the number of people who have a sneaking regard for the 'idealism' behind the violence has diminished." But, he warns, "in ten or 15 years, Lord only knows what sort of weaponry will be available to terrorists."





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## World



Prime Minister Morarji Desai

INDIA

### Janata's "Bad Smell"

*A government crisis leaves an opening for Indira*

When 82-year-old Prime Minister Morarji Desai returned home from the U.S. last month, partly Minister of Health Raj Narain was solicitously waiting for him at the airport. As the leader stepped out into the 102 summer sizzle of New Delhi, Narain held out a scented handkerchief. Brushing the offer aside, Desai snapped: "You put perfume here, but you spread a bad smell about the party elsewhere." With that retort the Prime Minister triggered a crisis in his 16-month-old government that led to the resignation of two Cabinet ministers, fractured the fragile unity of the ruling Janata Party and—unwittingly—cleared the way for a possible political comeback by his predecessor, Indira Gandhi.

The immediate cause of Desai's ire was Narain's repeated demands for the resignation of Janata Party President Chandra Shekhar, who is Desai's personal protégé. The Health Minister had accused Chandra Shekhar of political intrigue and undemocratic behavior. But as Desai fully realized, Narain's real target was not Chandra Shekhar but Desai himself. Rising to the challenge, the Prime Minister announced that Chandra Shekhar would remain in place and called upon top Janata leaders to rebuke the obstreperous Narain.

Hoveling behind the scenes in the in-traparty quarrel was the formidable figure of Home Minister Charan Singh, 75,

whose ambition to succeed Desai as Prime Minister is surpassed only by his abiding hatred for Indira Gandhi. Though temporarily incapacitated by a heart attack, Singh warned that Desai's action against Narain had "sounded the death knell of the Janata Party." At the same time, he launched his own indirect offensive against Desai by calling for Mrs. Gandhi's immediate arrest. Scornful Desai's view that she had been punished enough by her defeat at the polls last year, Singh declared that the government's failure to arrest Mrs. Gandhi for abuse of power during her 21-month emergency rule had disillusioned all of India. "The people think that we in the government are a bunch of impotents who cannot govern the country," he charged from his residence near the ancient Hindu sun temple of Suraj Kund.

That was too much for Desai. He called an emergency meeting of his Cabinet and threatened to resign unless given a free hand. In the end, he was authorized to write letters to Narain and Singh, asking for their resignations. Both complied, followed by four junior ministers who quit in support of the two dissidents.

Singh vowed last week to continue the struggle against the Prime Minister within the Janata Party. Specifically, he proposed to expose "a conspiracy by multinational corporations and Big Business" against him because they oppose his lifelong espousal of small industry and agriculture. He threatened to test the strength of this appeal to the principles of Mahatma Gandhi by organizing a giant rally of small farmers to coincide with the reopening of Parliament next week. This might eventually lead Singh to form his own party, claiming it would be the "real Janata." Alarmed by the prospect of a showdown between Singh and Desai, mediators persuaded the former Home Minister to postpone the rally one week. Meanwhile Desai indicated he was waiting for an apology. Said one Janata leader, Piloo Mody: "So far we only have a cease-fire. It must be followed by negotiations for peace."

One beneficiary of this high-level government squabbling is Mrs. Gandhi, who so far has refrained from commenting on the Janata Party's disarray. Although the government could still put her on trial for abusing her powers of office during the emergency, her popularity is gradually returning. Her faction of the Congress Party recently scored a series of impressive by-election victories, mainly because of voters' disenchantment with the quarreling groups within Janata. A poll for the magazine *India Today* in June showed that the electorate in New Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras would vote her back into office. Warned a Janata member of Parliament, Ram Jethmalani, last week: "The criminals of yesterday must now be dreaming of becoming the rulers of tomorrow."

GHANA

### Opting Out

*Bosses, not problems, change*

The country that trail-blazed black African decolonization 21 years ago has since had an unhappy political record. Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's *Osagyefo* or Redeemer, was deposed by a 1966 military coup because his grandiose economic mismanagement had hobbled the nation with debt at the same time that the world cocoa market slumped. The next civilian government lasted only three years before Prime Minister Kofi Busia was ousted by the army. Last week General Ignatius Kutu Acheampong, 46, who took over in 1972, met a similar fate. Acheampong suddenly resigned from the army and as chairman of the ruling Supreme Military Council, apparently the victim of an office coup.

Acheampong was succeeded by Sandhurst-educated Lieut. General Frederick W. K. Akuffo, 41, his second in command. Ghanaians wondered just what effect the change would have on the return to civilian government by next July that Acheampong had promised. Acheampong had called for a nonparty "union government" in which military officers would be included as advisers. Ghana's politically active professional class criticized "unigov" as a disguise for continued military rule. After they accused Acheampong of cheating on a unigov referendum, over 100 opponents were jailed.

Akuffo's first move last week was to free a prominent dozen of the prisoners. Observers applauded, but waited to see how the new leader would handle the problem that has now toppled three governments: galloping inflation, which runs over 100% a year and puts a basic meal of yam and milk beyond a laborer's average daily wage—about \$3.50.



Lieut. General Akuffo

*Freedom for critics of "unigov."*

## World



President-elect Alessandro Pertini is cheered by parliamentarians after vote

ITALY

### At Last, a New President

*The choice of a senior Socialist averts another crisis*

After 16 ballots spread over nine days, a cheer rang out from the crowded floor of Rome's Chamber of Deputies and the galleries broke the rules with a round of applause. Weary backbenchers leaped to embrace the elderly, white-haired figure of Socialist Deputy Alessandro Pertini, 81, who had just been elected as the seventh President of the 32-year-old Italian Republic.

The enthusiastic outburst from the 1,011-member Grand Electoral Assembly was more than a spontaneous tribute to a respected senior politician and wartime anti-Fascist hero. Mostly, the cheer reflected all Italy's relief that a parliamentary stalemate had ended and another political crisis had been averted.

Pertini had been among the early favorites soon after the electors gathered to choose a successor to Giovanni Leone, who abruptly resigned last month in a cloud of scandal over alleged tax evasion and financial improprieties. Pertini's Socialist Party, the country's third largest, had aggressively sought the presidency from the start, as a sign that it was not about to be submerged by the growing accord of Italy's two dominant parties, the Christian Democrats and Communists.

Aware that a Communist President was not in the cards despite the party's growing national acceptance, the Communists were willing to promote Pertini out of leftist loyalty. In addition, the avuncular, pipe-smoking Socialist, a former speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, was acceptable to the centrist Republicans and Social Democrats who complete the five-party parliamentary majority that supports the government of Christian Democratic Premier Giulio Andreotti.

Although the post is largely ceremonial, the President has the power to

appoint premiers and to choose the moment for calling national elections. For that reason, the Christian Democrats were reluctant to surrender their hold on the office to another party. Beyond that, they felt that Pertini was being "imposed" on them by the ambitious Socialist leader Bettino Craxi. While negotiations to break the impasse continued behind closed doors, the electors went through 15 inconclusive ballots, with the proceedings broadcast on national television. Although Pertini was their compromise candidate, the Communists on early ballots cast symbolic votes for a favorite son, Party Elder Giorgio Amendola; by the end of the election he had received a total of 5,028 votes. Throwaway votes went to such unlikely candidates as the widow of Aldo Moro, the onetime Premier murdered by his Red Brigades kidnappers, and even Sophia Loren.

After Pertini disengaged from formal Socialist backing by withdrawing briefly, the Christian Democrats finally relented. On Saturday's 16th ballot, Pertini won with 832 votes—the largest total ever gained by an Italian presidential candidate. Although many right-wing Christian Democrats were disappointed by the outcome, few had any personal quarrel with Pertini. A native of Savona, on the Italian Riviera, he was imprisoned several times between 1925 and the end of World War II for his underground resistance work—first against Mussolini's fascist regime, later against the Nazis. He was co-founder of the postwar Socialist Party and has been a member of Parliament since 1946. Pertini does have one striking advantage at this particular time: in his long parliamentary career, there has never been a hint of scandal. ■

ANGOLA

### No to Shaba III

*Disarming the Katangese*

For nearly two months now, bands of heavily armed but bedraggled guerrillas have been straggling back to their base camps inside Angola, mostly by way of Zambia. They are survivors of an invasion force of several thousand Katangese secessionists in exile who massacred 131 Europeans and at least four times that many blacks in an abortive effort to liberate their homeland, Zaire's mineral-rich Shaba region, formerly Katanga province. The invaders were driven into the jungle by French Foreign Legionnaires and Belgian paratroopers, called in by Zairian President Mobutu Sese Seko. No. 1 enemy of the Katangese.

Mobutu promptly blamed the invasion—the second by the Katangese exiles in 14 months—on Angolan President Agostinho Neto, whose Marxist government is propped up by some 20,000 Cuban troops. Mobutu also charged that Cuban advisers had accompanied the raiders and Washington claimed to have proof that Cubans had helped train the Katangese and thus were "responsible" for Shaba II. Cuban President Fidel Castro denied the charge, insisting that he and Neto had both opposed the Katangese raid and had tried, unsuccessfully, to prevent it.

Neto and Castro are apparently determined to see that there will be no Shaba III in the near future. As veterans of the Shaba invasion cross the border back into Angola, they are being intercepted by Neto's troops and stripped of their weapons. In a message released through the Angolan press and radio, Neto had promised last month to disarm the returning Katangese and relocate their refugee camps further from the Zairian border.

Neto thereby raised an awkward question: If his army could disarm the Katangese on their way home, why could it not have blocked the invasion in the first place? The answer may be that Neto tried then to use persuasion rather than military force but found he had insufficient influence on the exiles, who have carved out a semi-autonomous zone for themselves in northeastern Angola.

Diplomatic and intelligence experts now generally agree that neither Castro nor Neto wanted the Katangese to invade Zaire when they did. Both leaders knew that a second invasion of Zaire from Angolan bases would raise charges that Havana and Luanda were abetting the violation of international borders and might also provoke a Western intervention to prop up Mobutu. Both those fears came true. Neto may be bolting the border after the Katangese have already got out, but at least, he hopes, this time the exiles will stay at home for a while. ■



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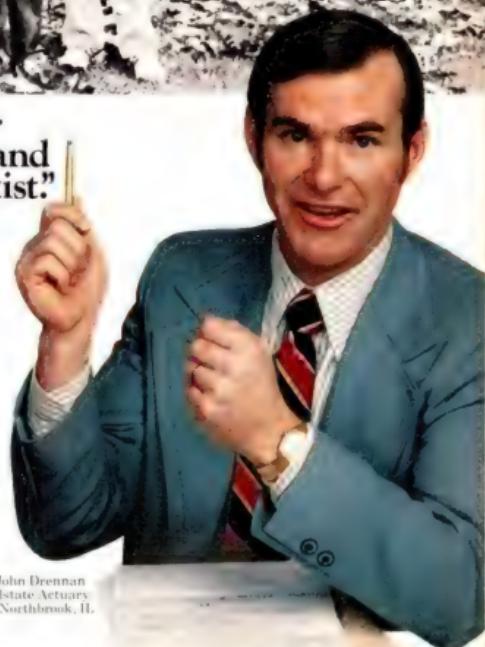
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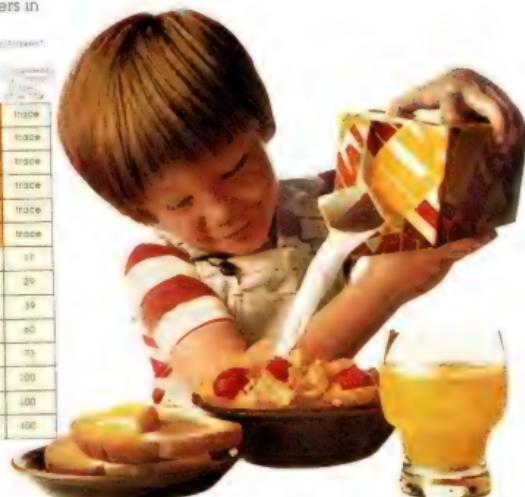
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Nutrient	Cereal	Milk	Total
Total Acid	25	100	trace
Protein	25	100	trace
Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>	25	100	trace
Vitamin C	25	100	trace
Thiamin	25	100	trace
Vitamin A	30	83	17
Thiamin	25	75	29
Calories	•	51	39
Vitamin D	25	40	60
Potassium	15	27	72
Magnesium	4	trace	100
Phosphorus	10	trace	100
Calcium	15	trace	100



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**A very smart start.**

BRUNEI

## Hanging On to the Lion's Tail

*Pushing toward independence, a tiny sultanate stalls for time*

The issue was clear-cut: whether and when, after a century of colonial status, the tiny sultanate of Brunei should gain full independence. The British were understandably defensive. The Bruneians were altogether adamant. The strange thing about the situation, however, as the two sides met for discussions in London, was that this time it was the British who proposed to cast off their remaining colonial ties. On the other hand, Brunei's Sandhurst-educated sultan, Sir Muda Hassanal Bolkiah Mu'izzaddin Waddaulah, 32, who led a retinue of 18 to the negotiating table in Whitehall, sought to hang on to the lion's tail.

In the end, the two sides worked out a compromise. By 1983 Britain will withdraw what has become an anachronistic and embarrassing colonial presence in the steamy, 2,226-sq.-mi. sultanate of 190,000 people on the north coast of Borneo (see map). Meanwhile, British civil servants will continue to handle much of the sultanate's affairs, as they have since 1888, when the tiny backwater country, which a passing naval captain had chanced on 40 years earlier, formally became a British protectorate. In addition, London agreed to keep a battalion of tough Gurkha soldiers in Brunei (pronounced *Brew-nigh*) until the sultanate's own Lilliputian army becomes more seasoned. Even the five-year transition period was a grudging concession by Sir Hassanal, who may be the world's most Anglophile ruler.

Brunei's maneuvering to retain British protection is based on oil. Tucked between the Malaysian states of Sabah and Sarawak, the sultanate sits on an estimated 1.6 billion bbl. of petroleum. The government owns a 50% share in a subsidiary of Royal Dutch Shell, whose wells pump 230,000 bbl. per day; it is also one-third owner of the world's largest natural gas liquefaction plant. Brunei's revenues should surpass \$1 billion this year, and the national surplus, already \$2.5 billion, will grow by another \$700 million.

Brunei fears that Malaysia might be tempted to make a play for such wealth. Thus the present sultan and his father, Omar Ali Saifuddin, who abdicated in 1967 in favor of his son but remains a power behind the throne, have steadfastly insisted that the British stay.

As a result, Brunei remains a quaint throwback to the days of the British raj. Queen Elizabeth's birthday is

celebrated with a full-dress military parade and a flyby of the Brunei air force, which consists of twelve helicopters. The English commander of the 1,000-man Royal Brunei Malay Regiment is in effect the sultanate's Defense Minister. The British High Commissioner handles foreign affairs and is chauffeured about the capital of Bandar Seri Begawan in a huge silver Daimler, given to him by the sultan. One of the few points of interest in the sleepy capital is a museum honoring Winston Churchill. Another landmark is the Royal Brunei Yacht Club, perched beside the Brunei River; with its whirling ceiling fans and overcooked Brussels sprouts, the club could easily serve as the setting for a Somerset Maugham short story. Unlike Churchill, Maugham once vis-

ited Bandar Seri Begawan and stayed at the club, spending much of his time playing bridge.

With per capita oil revenues of \$7,400, Brunei is a kind of carefree Shell-fare state. The sultan concentrates on his favorite pastime, polo. He owns a stable of 180 ponies imported from Argentina and has built a gleaming polo complex that includes a playing field, grandstand and guest houses on a choice sward overlooking the South China Sea. The Whitehall talks on independence coincided with Sir Hassanal's annual visit to England for the polo season; in a departure from custom, the sultan this time did not play with Prince Philip's team.

The sultan's subjects appear to be as content as he is with British rule. The country has 40,000 automobiles for 358 miles of road, or one car for every 50 ft. of highway if everyone goes driving at once. Color television features canned American sitcoms along with evening prayers from the magnificent, gold-domed Omar Ali Saifuddin mosque, named after the sultan's father. Since education and health are free, with electricity, gasoline, rice, sugar and rents heavily subsidized and interest-free loans available for houses, cars and television sets, there is little enthusiasm for any kind of Brunei people's liberation movement. Just to make sure, the sultan has banned political parties and keeps a handful of potential adversaries in jail.

Brunei, of course, has a few shortcomings. The humid weather is all but intolerable for much of the year. There is no fresh milk because there is no dairy, and no daily newspapers, presumably because there is not enough news. The few shops, operated mainly by Chinese merchants, are poorly stocked to serve so well-heeled a clientele. As a result, both of

Royal Brunei's Boeing 737 jets are jammed on weekends as shoppers fly out for excursions in Singapore. "Most people are really quite content," says one resident. "If they're not, all they have to do is look at Sabah or Sarawak to realize how well off they are."

Unfortunately, the idyl must eventually end. Not only will the British leave as a result of the London agreement but a decade or so after they go, Brunei's oil reserves will begin to peter out. Against that unavoidable double disaster, the sultan has undertaken a \$350 million five-year program to develop economic alternatives. Whether he will also be able to rouse his somnolent country in time to face the situation is another question. ■



**Sir Hassanal reviewing a parade of Brunei troops on his birthday**  
A Shell-fare state with 40,000 cars for 358 miles of road

# Law



"The Supreme Court media style book prefers a semi-colon to a comma after the use of the past pluperfect subjunctive."

## A Fragmented, Pragmatic Court

Groping for the middle way and posting multiple opinions

**T**he Supreme Court's October-to-July year that ended last week will be best known for the race-yes, quotas-no, something-for-everybody decision that the Justices reached in *Bakke*. But the 1977-78 term should also be remembered for what *Bakke* reflects about the court itself: the notion of a conservative "Nixon court" has by now become largely myth.

For a time, the Nixon court sobriquet seemed apt. From 1969 to 1971, four Nixon appointees joined the court—Chief Justice Warren Burger and Justices Harry Blackmun, William Rehnquist and Lewis Powell—and many observers expected them to reverse the trend set by the liberal Warren Court in the 1950s and '60s. Judicially activist, the Warren Court had frequently extended constitutional guarantees of free speech, equal protection and due process to safeguard individual rights, which usually meant those of the poor, minorities and criminal defendants. With the arrival of the Nixon appointees, the court was less concerned with the rights of the poor, and its decisions became more conservative. Differential to law-and-order needs, the court was usually thought of as reluctant to tackle large issues, preferring to leave more decision-making to legislatures and local courts.

But in the past few years, conservative

votes by the four-man Nixon bloc have become less certain. For the first time this year, splits in the Nixon bloc happened more often than not. Only 36% of the time did the quartet vote together, as against 67% last year and 73% two years ago. That does not mean that the court's political pendulum has swung back to the left. Rather, court watchers say, the court has become distinctly nonideological. "They have no overarching doctrine," says Virginia Law Professor A.E. Dick Howard. "They're taking cases as they come in pragmatic fashion." In the early '70s some expected Chief Justice Burger to rally the court around him in conservative restraint, just the way his predecessor, Earl Warren, galvanized the court to judicial activism. But this year Blackmun abandoned Burger 30% of the time, Powell 26%. Together with Justices John Paul Stevens, Potter Stewart and Byron White, they form an uncertain and searching middle core, sometimes balancing, sometimes just unpredictable.

Burger and his closest ally, Rehnquist, now stand increasingly isolated on the right, while Justices Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan hang onto the Warren tradition on the left. "Fragmented moderation," Michigan Law Professor Vincent Blasi calls it. "Even when they get clear majorities," says Stanford Law

Professor Gerald Gunther, "many different opinions come down. The Justices are tending to be loners, more isolated, less inclined to give and take."

About the only clear signal from the disjointed court this year was aimed at the press. Claims by the press to special privilege under the First Amendment took a drubbing in several cases. The message struck with the bluntness of a sledgehammer in *Zurcher vs. Stanford Daily*, which allowed police to raid newsrooms without warning to search for evidence of crimes committed by others. Although the court ruled that police must first obtain warrants, many commentators feared that local magistrates would not hesitate to let police fish through reporters' desks and notebooks, scaring off sources from confiding in the press.

**F**ar from enjoying any special free-speech privilege, broadcasting comes under special restrictions, and the court emphatically affirmed this on its final day last week. In the so-called "seven-dirty-words case," the four Nixon appointees voted together to support an opinion by Stevens. In the 5-to-4 ruling, Stevens said that the Federal Communications Commission could admonish a radio station for airing "patently offensive" language, even if that language would be protected in another medium as less than "legally obscene. The "uniquely pervasive presence" of broadcasting justifies such regulation, said Stevens, who tried to narrow the ruling to the facts of the case—an

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## Law

explicit comedy routine that could be heard by a child in the afternoon over New York's radio station WBAI-FM. Angry dissenting, Brennan said that Stevens' rationale "could justify" banning Chaucer from the radio, as well as portions of the Watergate tapes and the Bible.

In another case, a somewhat peculiar opinion by Chief Justice Burger declared that the press had no more free-speech rights than anyone else. The outburst caused many to wonder if Burger did not have a personal pique against the press. "There is a certain undertone of resentment against the press, a sort of 'Who do they think they are?' feeling among a few Justices," remarked Michigan's Blasi. But he warned against overplaying the court as anti-press. Like other First Amendment experts, Blasi points to a little-noticed unanimous decision striking down criminal sanctions against a newspaper for disclosing confidential state proceedings against a judge in Virginia. With sweeping language—written by Press Nemesis Burger—the court effectively allows the press to print virtually any government information it can obtain.

**S**till, the process of getting that information enjoys considerably less protection. In two cases, the court refused to hear challenges to court-imposed limits on what participants in a criminal trial could say to newsmen. In three others, it decided not to review orders to newsmen to reveal their sources in ordinary civil cases. Two weeks ago, the court denied special prison access to San Francisco TV station KQED, specifically telling the press that it had no more right of access than the general public.

The decision stirred a new round of hand wringing by press defenders, but the outcome may not be as grim as it looks. Only three Justices (Burger, Rehnquist and White) refused to give the press any kind of special access. Stewart argued that the press could bring along its tools of the trade, including cameras, on public tours. "In theory, the press may not have any more access than the public in Stewart's view," said Stanford's Gunther. "But practically, it does." Three Justices (Stevens, Brennan and Powell) argued that both press and public should have greater access. The decision reflects the sensitivity of some Justices to the practical needs of the press. While carefully avoiding any doctrine of special privilege, Justices like Powell, Brennan and Marshall are trying to find a way to protect practical needs of the press in specific circumstances. But other Justices tend to rely on their own intuitive judgments about whether a given ruling will "chill" press freedom. "In the *Stanford Daily* case," notes Columbia Law Professor Benno Schmidt, "Justice White [who wrote the majority opinion] just doesn't believe that sources will dry up." Notes Gunther: "There is a great deal of misunderstanding and suspicion between press and court. Both sides are at fault."

The court's tendency to grope for a middle way was clearly revealed in its criminal decisions this year. In contrast to the earlier years of the Burger Court, the Justices last term ruled more often in favor of defendants than of prosecutors. Last week the court ruled that juries must be allowed to weigh almost limitless mitigating circumstances, which may force many states to write more lenient death-penalty statutes. They also protected the

accused's right to counsel and jury trial in two decisions, and in another refused to permit a "murder scene" exception to requiring search warrants.

A principal device used by the Burger Court in the past to cut down on the judicial activism of the Warren Court was simply to "close the door"—to keep civil rights or constitutional claims out of federal court. But this year the Justices surprised many court watchers by opening a number of doors. Reversing a 1961 decision written by liberal Justice William O. Douglas, the court ruled that municipalities do not enjoy immunity from civil rights suits. Similarly, the court held that high federal officials could be held personally liable for violating the Constitution, except in those "exceptional situations" where their protection is "essential for the conduct of public business."

**A**s for the most pressing issue to face the court this term—affirmative action—the Justices followed up their divided Bakke ruling by refusing to hear a union challenge to a settlement between the Government and A T & T setting substantial goals for promoting women and minorities. The court also sent two other affirmative-action plans—struck down by lower courts—for rehearing, one on procedural grounds, one "in light of" Bakke.

That go-slow posture should come as no surprise. Having nibbled away at some of the broad doctrines of the Warren era, the Burger Court seems to have entered a period of cautious weighing and adjusting. Uncertain and divided on a whole range of difficult questions, the court will have plenty of opportunity for fine-line drawing in future terms. ■

## Milestones

**MARRIED.** Tammy Wynette, 36, heartbreak queen of country-and-western music; and George Richey, 42, her business manager and constant traveling companion; she for the fifth time, he for the third; on the beach behind her Jupiter Inlet Beach Colony, Fla., home.

**DIED.** James Daly, 59, character actor who is currently being seen as Dr. Paul Lochner in reruns of TV's *Medical Center*, following a heart attack; in Nyack, N.Y. Daly managed to sustain an active Broadway career (*Saint Joan*, *Billy Budd, J.B.*) while garnering more than 600 television credits, primarily in adventure shows (*The F.B.I. Mission: Impossible*).

**DIED.** Barbara Cushing Paley, 63, graceful socialite and one of the world's best-dressed women; of cancer; in Manhattan. "Babe" Paley was introduced early to high society as one of three beautiful daughters of Boston Neurosurgeon Harvey Cushing. She first hit the best-dressed lists "on nothing a year" as a fashion editor

for *Vogue* magazine, choosing simple but striking clothes that marked her quiet sense of personal style. In 1947 she married William S. Paley, chairman of the board of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and came to embody a standard of elegance by which social functions and fashion trends were judged.

**DIED.** William Fisk Harrah, 66, founder of two of Nevada's largest casinos, who built his fortune by stressing that nothing in the management of gambling be left to chance; after an operation for an aortal aneurysm; in Rochester, Minn. Harrah got his start in the 1930s by buying his father's failing bingo parlor in Venice, Calif., for \$500; ever after, he catered to the small-time player. At both his Reno and Lake Tahoe gaming resorts, Harrah used computers to track daily profits and detect betting-table swindles. He also hired guards to watch for cheaters from high catwalks and through one-way ceiling mirrors. An antique-car buff, he opened a museum outside Reno that houses

1,400 vintage automobiles maintained by 150 mechanics.

**DIED.** Ernest Robert Breech, 81, hard-driving executive who helped galvanize an ailing postwar Ford Motor Co.; following a heart attack; in Royal Oak, Mich. Son of a Missouri blacksmith, Breech showed a big-city flair for business management and a wizardry with figures that propelled him to the chairmanship of North American Aviation Inc. in the early 1930s. After Breech had vitalized the Bendix Aviation Corp. in a single year, a desperate Henry Ford II persuaded him to quarterback Ford's new management team. Breech arrived in 1946 to find what he called an "awkward and stumbling colossus" with an estimated \$100 million annual losses. When he stepped down as board chairman in 1960, the company was earning \$500 million a year, with \$4 billion in new plant and equipment. Easily lured back from retirement, Breech the next year became chairman of Trans World Airlines.

Photograph by  
Valerie Taylor

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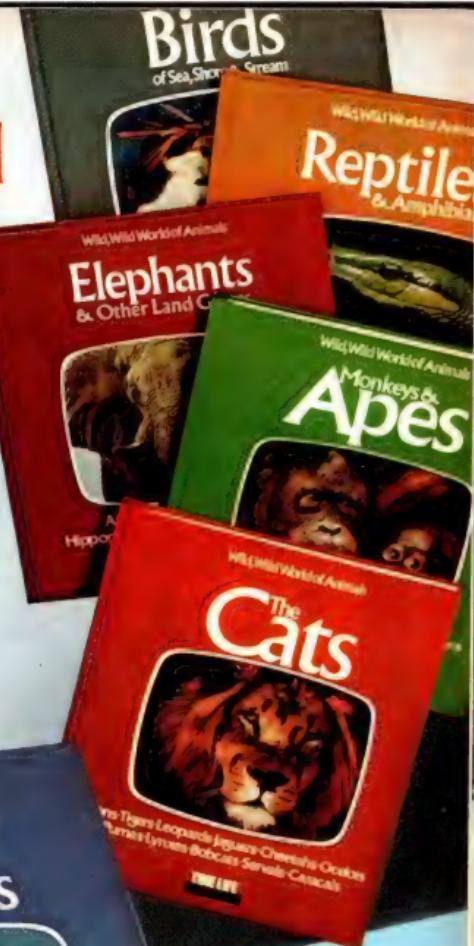
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# Sexes

## A New Kinsey Report

Researchers look at gays

**S**ex Researcher Alfred Kinsey intended to do a study of U.S. homosexuals, but he died in 1956 before the survey could be launched. It took twelve more years for his successors at the Institute for Sex Research in Bloomington, Ind., to start that project and ten years to complete it. Along the way, the Kinsey spent \$1 million and conducted two to five-hour interviews in the San Francisco Bay Area with 979 male and female homosexuals and a comparison group of 477 heterosexuals. The result of their labors is a tome called *Homosexualities*, to be published next month by Simon & Schuster (\$12.95). While the book offers no stunning surprises, it does contain fascinating glimpses into the gay life, circa 1970, when all the interviewing was completed.

Among the findings:

- The happiest and best-adjusted homosexuals were those in a "close-coupled" relationship, the equivalent of a good heterosexual marriage.
- The surveyors judged 16% of all homosexual males to be "asexuals," apathetic loners with low self-esteem who have little or no interest in pursuing sexual contact.
- A quarter of the gays interviewed believe homosexuality is an emotional disorder. About one-third had seriously considered stopping all homosexual activity at least once in their lives.

The study, written by Psychologist Alan Bell and Sociologist Martin Weinberg, finds that lesbians have fewer problems and are less sexually active than male homosexuals. At the time, three-quarters of the women were involved in relatively stable relationships; the majority had fewer than ten homosexual partners over a lifetime, and venereal disease was virtually unknown (one reported case among 293 women). Only one-half of the men were in stable relationships; the average male reported sex acts with hundreds of men, and two-thirds had developed venereal disease at least once. Forty percent of the men had had more than 500 sex partners, and a quarter of them, as adults, had performed sex with boys under 16.

Lesbians were found to be nearly as well adjusted as the heterosexual women, though they scored slightly lower on self-esteem and were more prone to thoughts of suicide. Homosexual males, however, showed more signs of emotional damage than heterosexual men in nine areas of psychological distress, from depression to paranoia. Twenty percent of the gay men had attempted suicide, vs.

4% of the heterosexual males. Thirteen percent of the gay males, and 5% of females, were listed as "dysfunctional"—those tormented by their homosexuality and plagued with severe psychological, social and sexual problems.

Such findings are not unusual in research on homosexuals. Pro-homosexual spokesmen generally argue that gays are placed under heavy stress by an anti-homosexual society. The Kinsey researchers make this point but add a new wrinkle: the evaluation that gay males as a group are not as well adjusted as heterosexuals results from a minority of social misfits dragging down the average.



Homosexuals in Greenwich Village  
Glimpses into the gay life, circa 1970.

The study separates gays into five categories, or "homosexualities." Two of the categories, "close-coupled" and "functional" (confident, unattached "swinging singles"), score about as well on psychological ratings as heterosexuals. Those listed as "open-coupled," living together but tending to seek fulfillment outside the home, score almost as well. The sad-sack "asexuals" and "dysfunctionals" account for most of the psychological disturbances. Says the report: "It would appear that relatively large numbers of homosexual men manage their homosexuality with little difficulty, while a homosexual way of life is problematic for only a distinct minority." One problem with this analysis is that the minority may be distinct, but it is hardly small. Of those male gays who

could be classified, the Kinsey assexuals and dysfunctions account for 40%. The proportion of troubled heterosexuals is not known, since researchers made no breakdown of the comparison group.

The Kinsey researchers are enormously proud of the new classification system. Says Bell: "It's the first time we have been able to develop a very comprehensive typology of homosexuals. It goes beyond all the old stuff about inserter and inserter, butch and femme." Not comprehensive enough, though, to cover more than 70% of those interviewed in the study: 283 of the 979 were left uncategorized because they did not seem to fit anywhere. A more basic problem with the study is that it is arriving years late, reporting attitudes that precede the rise of the women's and homosexual rights movements. For a book that stresses homosexuals' feelings about themselves, much of it reads more like history than current events.

## Picking Pain

How to become a masochist

**W**hat causes masochistic behavior? University of Southern California Psychologist Gary Frieden, 25, thinks he knows the answer: low self-esteem. In a series of tests on college students, he found that lowering self-esteem leads normal people to choose suffering and painful tasks.

Frieden told 40 students they were helping out in a "Patty Hearst simulation" and could choose a simple task (listening to a propaganda tape) or a more humiliating and painful one (being blindfolded and bound, and given electric shocks). All students were given personality tests. Those whose self-esteem was bolstered by praise for their performance chose the tape. But students who were derided (sample comment: "It's clear you really don't have very good social skills") overwhelmingly chose to be bound and shocked.

In another study, Frieden managed to delude some students into thinking they were masochists. Asked to choose between the tape and the shock, they picked the shock by a significant margin. Three-quarters of the shock group even agreed to eat a dead worm Frieden dangled in front of them. The reason, he thinks, is that they were anxious to learn if they were indeed masochists. In general, Frieden concludes, it is surprisingly easy to push normal people toward masochism. Says he: "When feeling bad about themselves, people actively choose to suffer." The good news is that none of the students received an electric shock or dined on worm. Frieden stopped the test when the newborn masochists made their choice.

# Why are so many manufacturers putting this much information on their labels?



Under Food and Drug Administration regulations, the labels of food products for which nutritional claims are made must contain lists of important nutrients including vitamins, minerals, protein, carbohydrates and fats, as well as calories. Vitamins, minerals and protein are expressed as percentages of the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance (U.S. RDA)—the daily amounts established by the Food and Drug Administration as essential for maintaining good nutrition.

Even when a listing is not required, many food manufacturers voluntarily provide this information. They realize how this kind of information lets shoppers like you compare ingredients and buy the most nutritious foods.

#### **Good nutrition. More important than ever.**

Even though our country enjoys one of the highest standards of living and is the largest producer of food products in the world, there are serious gaps in our national diet, most frequently because of poor eating habits. These deficiencies are not limited to low income groups, but cut across all economic and social levels.

According to the most recent information, twenty to fifty percent of Americans run some risk of not meeting the U.S. RDA for at least one or more of the vitamins C, A, B<sub>1</sub> (thiamine), B<sub>2</sub> (riboflavin), and folic acid. Minerals such as iron and calcium are also likely to be insufficient.

#### **Other ways you may be robbing your body of vitamins.**

Recent studies show that blood plasma levels

of vitamin C in heavy smokers were as much as 30% lower than in non-smokers.

Chronic heavy consumption of alcohol, including beer and wine, may interfere with the body's utilization of vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>6</sub> and folic acid. In addition, excessive drinking is frequently accompanied by poor eating habits, which compounds the problem by reducing vitamin intake. If you're dieting or skipping meals, you may be eliminating foods that contain many vitamins, including C, E and B-complex.

Sickness, including fevers and colds, may very well lower the level of vitamins in your blood. And women who take birth control pills could need extra vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, B<sub>12</sub>, folic acid and from two to ten times the normal amount of vitamin B<sub>6</sub>. These increased nutritional needs have been demonstrated in several studies, but your own physician should be consulted.

#### **How to get the extra vitamins you may need.**

When shopping for foods, be sure to read the nutritional panels on the side or back labels of the package. Select those that give you and your family a well-balanced diet, and will add up to a daily intake of at least 100% of the U.S. RDA for vitamins, minerals and the required amount of protein. Just to be sure, you can also take vitamin supplements daily. There are a number of different formulations including multiple as well as individual vitamins.

Vitamin Information Service,  
Hoffmann-La Roche Inc., Nutley, N.J. 07110.



**Your health is our concern.**

# People

The game is tennis and the score is, well, love-love. That about sums up the latest **Anthony Harvey** directed film epic *Players*, starring **Ali MacGraw**, 39, and **Dino Martin**, 26, a tennis professional as well as an actor, not to mention being **Dean Martin**'s son. She plays an ambitious older woman who meets an aspiring young tennis pro in Mexico and coaxes him to the center court at Wimbledon (the film unit rented the site for around \$35,000). Adding piquancy to the situation is the fact that Ali's ex, **Robert Evans**, is the producer. How does Ali handle the passage to older womanhood? With bravura. Says she: "I think it's about time women can say they're over 30—or 40, for that matter—and not feel ashamed or self-conscious to admit it."

You don't have to be Jewish to love **Chaim Potok**. The author of *The Promise* and *The Chosen* has won literary converts of many faiths with novels about the inner and outer conflicts of the Hasidic life. For his forthcoming history of the Jews, *Wanderings* (Knopf, \$17.95), the famed novelist visited concentration camps and trekked across the Egyptian sands to Mount Sinai. When he is not traveling or writing, Potok often indulges in an earthly love for painting: numerous examples of his work adorn his home. In fact, he once wanted to be an artist, but his parents persuaded him to scrap the idea.



Anatomy Tennis Buff MacGraw with Director Anthony Harvey, Tennis Ace Martin and Producer Evans

Amiable, scholarly **Hanna Gray**, 47, looks more like an extension student than the first female president of the University of Chicago. As she settled into office last week, Gray was reminded that back in 1974, while serving as provost of Yale, she had called herself "not the presidential type." Something obviously changed her mind. Said she: "I think it was, actually, being asked."

The 16 wheezing touch-football stalwarts assembled in Manhattan's Central Park were not exactly current championship contenders. Present



Hanna Gray tests a campus bench

were members of the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants who played in the NFL's electrifying, first-ever overtime final in 1958 (the Colts won, 23-17). On hand were such Baltimore ex-greats as **Johnny Unitas**, 45, **Raymond Berry**, 45, and **Gino Marchetti**, 51. On the Giants side were **Charley Conerly**, 36, **Frank Gifford**, 47, and **Kyle Rote**, 50. Prized on beer and banter, the Baltimoreans puffed and passed to a 28-14 victory, overcoming such verbal assaults as that made by Referee **Sonny Jorgensen** on Marchetti: "Wait a minute, Gino! Your stomach's offside!" Then all retired to a picnic. Kyle Rote summed up the sweaty reunion thus: "Listen, we all survived."



Chaim Potok illustrates a point beneath his paintings

"Dracula is the definitive male chauvinist pig. He wants to possess," says **George Hamilton**, who plays the sanguineous count in the movie *Love at First Bite*. In this comic version of Bram Stoker's 1897 play, Dracula turns up in Manhattan, where he gets mugged on the street, assaulted by an admiring female on the subway and caught in a brownout. Enough, one might say, to make a count go batty.

## On the Record

**Louis Jourdan**, French actor: "I don't want to be in. I feel that if one is in, one gets out very quickly."

**Joan Baez**, songstress and protester, after meeting Nobel Laureate Andrei Sakharov in Moscow: "He is paying a much higher price for his dissenting views than I ever had to pay for mine."

**Prince Charles**, when the Vatican refused a church wedding to Anglican Prince Michael of Kent and his Catholic bride, Baroness Marie-Christine von Reibnitz: "It seems to be worse than folly that Christians are still arguing about doctrinal matters which can only bring needless distress to a number of people."

# Economy & Business

COVER STORY

## Inflation: Attacking Public Enemy No. 1

*Federal Reserve Chairman Bill Miller, a take-charge Texan, fights to keep prices in check without starting a recession*

**C**entral bankers are by tradition an aloof bunch, awed into solemnity by their own eminence as arbiters of a nation's money supply and guardians of the value of its currency. They immerse themselves in financial esoterica, dress somberly in three-piece blue suits, and give the impression that they speak only to one another and to God. When they do appear in public, they issue Delphian warnings, usually of impending inflationary doom. An optimistic central banker has been defined as "one who thinks the situation is deteriorating less rapidly than before."

So what is one to make of G. (for George) William Miller? As chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board, Miller, 53, is the most powerful of all central bankers—but he is far outside the mold. He delights in reminiscing about his boyhood in the oil boomtown of Borger, Texas, a throwback to the wild West of unpaved streets and gun fights. Miller vividly remembers the day that the town's founder, Ace Borger, was shot dead in the post office. He cheerfully relates that his last exposure to classroom economics was a basic course at the Coast Guard Academy 33 years ago. All his knowledge of

money markets was picked up while he ran Textron Inc., the \$2.8 billion conglomerate based in Providence that makes thousands of products, ranging from helicopters to watchbands.

Far from affecting bankerly reserve, Miller roars with laughter at his own often corn-pone jokes, some directed at the august but arcane institution that he heads. He has invented a mythical poll in which 23% of the U.S. population thought the Federal Reserve was an Indian reservation, 26% judged it to be a wildlife preserve and 51% identified it as a brand of whisky. Most important, he speaks almost garrulously in tones of unabashed can-do optimism. The nation, he insists, can bring down its frightening rate of inflation without suffering another recession—indeed, while working toward a "model economy" in the 1980s.

That may sound less like optimism than Pollyannism. So far this year inflation has exploded. From March through May, it averaged 11.3% at an annual rate, one of the worst three-month performances ever. Though no one expects the surge to remain that bad, the Carter Administration last week forecast a 7.2% rise for the full year, and

some economists expect an 8% increase.

A healthy economy cannot tolerate that pace. It wipes away most wage and salary gains, lowers standards of living and sets poor, middle class and rich to snarling at one another. It also weakens the dollar overseas: foreign moneymen rush to dump greenbacks out of fear that inflation will steadily erode their value. Last week the dollar slipped to a record low of 201 Japanese yen, down almost 17% just since January. The dollar's slide, in turn, makes U.S. inflation worse because it raises the prices that Americans pay for imported goods.

One of Miller's advantages in fighting inflation is that the battle has become Topic A for consumer and Cabinet officer alike. As recently as March 8, when Miller was sworn in, Government policy was still focused on stimulating the economy to faster growth in order to bring down unemployment. That goal has been achieved, at an inflationary price: the jobless rate in June fell to a four-year low of 5.7%. Now the talk in Washington and the country is all of tight budgets, spending hold-downs and the long effort needed to bring prices under control.

Miller himself has done enough to



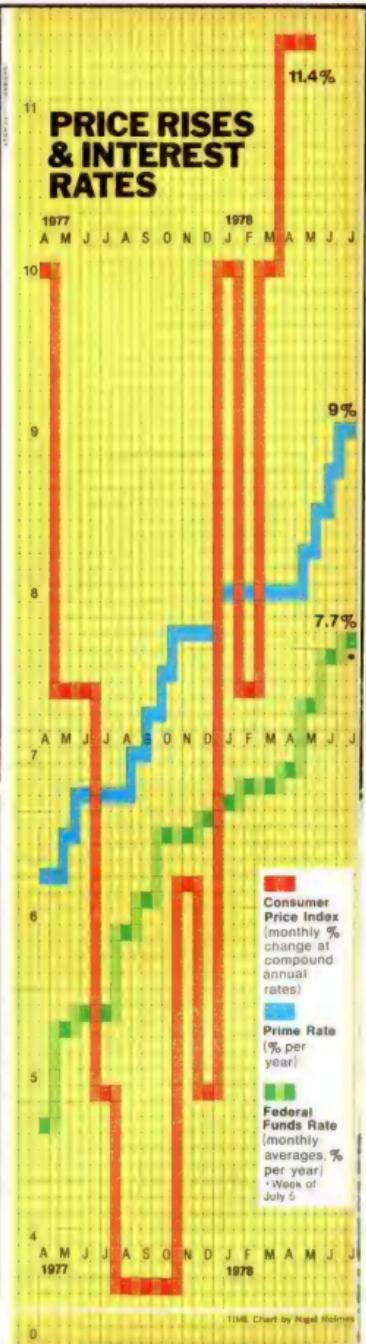
produce this switch to make businessmen and bankers look on him as the white hat in a kind of financial western: the new gun who arrived in Washington to rally the citizenry against the enemy, much as the Texas Rangers rode in to restore law-and-order in the Border of his youth. He quickly put the Fed on a course of raising interest rates sharply, to hold back the inflationary growth of money supply and to keep dollars at home. In private debates and public remarks, Miller has pleaded with the White House, of which he is independent, to launch a determined anti-inflationary policy of its own. Neither his actions nor his words differed greatly from those of his predecessor, Arthur Burns. But while Burns' pontificating only annoyed the White House, Miller's unpretentious yet urgent advocacy has had a marked effect.

**S**hortly after taking office, Miller asserted openly that Carter should declare inflation to be the nation's No. 1 economic problem. The President did. A month later, Miller publicly advised Carter to delay the \$25 billion tax cut that the President had proposed to take effect Oct. 1, and to shrink

the budget deficit. Carter has agreed to make the tax reduction effective Jan. 1, and to squeeze it down to \$15 billion. That and other actions, according to Administration forecasts announced last week, are supposed to lower the budget deficit for fiscal 1979 from the \$60.6 billion that Carter had recommended in January to \$48.5 billion, which is closely in line with Miller's goals.

In Washington, Miller is widely regarded as one of the best appointments that Carter has made. Private bankers commonly echo Milton W. Hudson, vice president of Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., who says Miller has put on "a virtuous performance." Foreign leaders agree. Typically, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who has long railed at Washington for failing to appreciate the dangers of the dollar's slide, feels that he has at last found a firm ally in Miller.

This is not to say that Miller will succeed. He and Carter are engaged in the trickiest and riskiest of all economic maneuvers: an attempt to slow a surging but vulnerable economy just enough so that inflation gradually subsides, but not so much as to sink the nation into a re-



## Economy & Business

cession. Administration officials refer to this as guiding the economy to a "soft landing" from its too-rapid pace in the quarter just ended. Estimates of production growth in the second quarter cluster around an annual rate of 9%. Miller prefers to talk of reaching a "sustainable path of growth" of about 4% that can be followed year in, year out without either accelerating inflation or raising joblessness. A 3% rate, he says, would mean more unemployment, a 5% growth bad inflation.

It is a fear that almost all democracies have tried, and usually failed to bring off. They have either pressed too hard and too fast on the brakes, jolting the economy into recession, or let up too soon, permitting inflation to keep on rising. All too often, they have followed erratic stop-go policies that produced inflation and re-

cession combined. Washington's soft-landing rhetoric of today is unnervingly reminiscent of the Nixon-Burns "game plan" to achieve a gentle slowing in 1969-70. That led to a recession in 1970, wage-price controls in 1971-72, double-digit inflation in 1973-74, and finally the violent recession of 1974-75.

**T**he U.S. is now in its 40th month of recovery from that slump, and clearly inflation is its greatest immediate danger—but the threat of recession is real. Business spending for new plant and equipment has not hit the levels necessary to keep the expansion going, largely because executives fear that the cost of operating a new factory will rise faster than the prices of the products it sells, thus erasing potential profit. Con-

sumers have kept up a rapid buying pace only by plunging into debt: installment credit rose a record \$11.7 billion between March 1 and June 1.

If a recession strikes, it almost certainly will be blamed on Bill Miller's Federal Reserve. The potential script: The Fed pushes interest rates up still more and doles out new money at a miserly pace. Seeking higher interest payments, people put their money into high-yielding bonds and pull it out of savings institutions, leaving them with no funds to make mortgage loans; so housing collapses. Small and new businesses cannot borrow because only the blue-chip corporations can afford to pay the high interest rates. Finally, Treasury borrowing to cover Government deficits soaks up most of what lendable money is still available at any price.

## No Ego, Just Self-Confidence

**S**enior executives of Textron Inc. still shudder to remember the ride that Bill Miller, then company chairman, took them on last October. After visiting buyers of Textron rolling mills in Yugoslavia and Poland, they were supposed to fly to Vienna, but their plane was grounded by fog. So Miller herded them aboard a bus for a 14-hour trip through Czechoslovakia. The roads were rough and visibility near zero, but Miller, sit-

ting beside the driver, issued a steady stream of instructions about how to steer through tight turns. Periodically, he had the bus stopped so that he could loosen up with calisthenics, and everybody else could get over the shakes.

The ride was symbolic of the task that now faces Miller. His formal training for determining how much money the economy needs about equals his knowledge of Czech roads. But he speaks with an assurance that might seem like egotism.

If it were not for all those stories around Textron of Miller riding the bus to work, lunching at his desk on soup and crackers and occasionally doing a job himself that a subordinate should have done. Instead, Miller combines a casual openness with almost supreme self-confidence. Says Textron Senior Vice President John B. Henderson: "It does not occur to him that there is anything he cannot do."

Miller began developing that blend early. When he was an infant, his storekeeper father moved the family from Bill's birthplace of Sapulpa, Okla., to Borger, a Texas Panhandle town so new that it had no jail: prisoners were chained to a log. Says Miller: "It was a life of Depression, Dust Bowl and frontier. But that environment creates strong individuals."

An older brother set an example of success by going to Indianapolis. But, uncertain whether he would be accepted into the Naval Academy, Miller borrowed a car, drove to Santa Fe and took the exam for the Coast Guard Academy. He passed, and at 17 found himself training aboard a Danish sailing ship out of New London, Conn. The discipline, he says, "was awfully healthy," and he began "to understand the techniques of making an organization work." Graduating in 1945, he got to Japan just after the war ended. A year later, at 20, he was given command of a landing craft, with a crew of 30, to bring through the Panama Canal to Galveston and mothballing.

Then the Coast Guard sent him to Shanghai, where Mil-



The ultimate in self-confidence, a wood out of the rough; in background, his summer home in Westport, Mass. Above: relaxing with wife Ariadna



Starved for credit, companies slash production and lay off workers.

The worst part is that such a "credit crunch" might not bring any lasting gains against inflation. It takes a very deep recession to reduce the rate of price increases significantly, and then the effect may be ephemeral: witness the rapid rise in prices today, only three years after the last punishing downturn.

**T**he U.S. certainly is not in a credit crunch now. Money supply during the past three months has grown at an annual rate of 11.4%, which is well above the Federal Reserve's own target of 4% to 6.5%. But interest rates have spiraled up fast enough to worry some economists. Since Miller has become chairman, the "Fed funds" rate at which banks borrow from each other has jumped a full point, to 7 1/4%. The prime

rate on bank loans has just hit 9%, a level that some bankers even in early June had thought it would not reach until the end of the year.

Though Washington still rings with praise of Miller, some liberals in the Administration and Congress are grumbling that every new Federal Reserve chairman seems to bring about a recession out of excessive anti-inflationary zeal—and "Miller has to have his recession too." Last week Robert Strauss, Carter's special counselor on inflation, complained that the Federal Reserve's course was "counterproductive". And Charles Schultz, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, expressed fear that any further tightening of monetary policy could hold back economic growth. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, warns: "There is not a single instance of success in raising interest

rates to moderate the economy without creating a major disturbance. The Federal Reserve has carried the policy too far every single time."

The peril is recognized by Miller, but he says that it will become a reality only if the Administration forces him to fight the anti-inflation battle all alone—for example, if Carter & Co. keep running gargantuan deficits and let environmental and safety watchdogs impose ever more costly regulations on business. If the Administration and Congress cooperate by restraining spending, he insists, the Federal Reserve can make enough loan money available for every "productive use," but not so much as to tempt business into inflationary inventory hoarding and payroll padding.

Miller is convinced that if Government will stop feeding inflation by running big deficits, "we can look forward

ler saw a society that was crumbling, in part because of runaway inflation: the rate of price increases that summer of 1946 hit 2,000%." He also met Ariadna Rogojarski, a White Russian who had been born in Manchuria and had been living in Shanghai under the Japanese occupation. They married, and the young officer—who was still addressed as George by old friends—began calling himself G. William Miller. His bride found Bill much easier to pronounce than George.

In 1949, Miller entered the University of California law school on the G.I. Bill, while Ariadna worked as a bookkeeper. He recalls his early days in law school as the most frightening of his life: "The first few months I didn't understand what they were talking about. I carried a dictionary around to class." That was good training for a Federal Reserve chairman who must now master an equally abstruse financial jargon of lagged reserves, reverse repos and disintermediation. Miller got top marks, became editor of the law review and joined the Wall Street firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore on graduation in 1953. There he bagged a prize assignment: unraveling the legal complexities created by Financier Royal Little's drive to turn Textron from a textile company into one of the first conglomerates. Little offered him a job. His confidence now in full flower, Miller suggested a deal: make me a vice president in one year, or fire me. Recalls Little: "That proposal delighted me."

Textron was then growing in all directions, gobbling up other firms at the rate of one every 60 days, and there were few formal lines of authority. Miller made his vice presidency on schedule at the age of 32 and worked closely with Little on the acquisitions. The most important was Bell Aircraft's helicopter business. Little remembers being so frustrated by Bell executives changing their minds about the sale every day that he told Miller: "Bill, you have got to handle these people, because I'm going to tell them to go to hell." Miller patiently negotiated what turned out to be Textron's most brilliant acquisition. Helicopter sales boomed with the Viet Nam War and now account for 29% of Textron's business.

At the age of 35 in 1960, Miller became president, and at

43, chief executive. He had to convert Textron's diverse businesses into a coherent organization. So he demanded plans from divisions that had been going their own merry way. Says Senior Vice President Henderson: "If Miller thought a plan was sloppy, nothing would make him go ahead—rising costs, deadlines, nothing. Bill would say, 'Back!'" Under Miller's guidance, Textron's sales grew from \$383 million a year in 1960 to \$2.8 billion last year, and profits jumped from \$14 million to \$137 million.

At Textron, Miller also recruited blacks for management jobs, headed just about every fund-raising campaign in Rhode Island and fully developed his blend of intensity and concern for people. He crammed his calendar with appointments that he somehow met, showed up at the office at 7:30 a.m., worked six days a week and took home a bulging briefcase. When he decided to learn Russian, Ariadna recalls, she prepared tapes that he listened to on summer drives between their home in Providence and their vacation cottage in Westport, Mass.

But associates say that he never made a subordinate work after 7 p.m. He insisted that the company's 43 highest executives take fully paid three-month sabbaticals every five years, just to recharge themselves. Miller spent one sabbatical building shelves in his garage. Senior Vice President J. Joseph Kruse is convinced himself to practice squash and golf (his handicap is 17) primarily to spare associates the embarrassment of putting up with an inferior player who happened to be the boss. Kruse, who often golfed with Miller for \$1 a hole, was mildly annoyed by his insistence on playing out a hole that he had no chance of winning—and impressed by Miller's refusal to talk later about the game. Miller, says Kruse, takes defeat hard, but when he is angry he merely becomes very quiet.

In his new job, Miller is somewhat too quiet to suit Ariadna. The childless Millers are an exceptionally close couple, and spend many hours together listening to classical music and reading, mostly books of history and geography. But Ariadna has one complaint about her husband's work: Bill no longer unburdens himself by talking about the details of his job at home. So, just to keep up, she attends all the many congressional hearings at which he testifies.

\*W. Michael Blumenthal, now Treasury Secretary, was then picking up odd jobs in Shanghai as the son of expatriate Germans. The two did not meet until much later in the U.S., but they relish trading reminiscences about the China of their youth.



With the Coast Guard in Shanghai, 1946  
His bride could not pronounce George.

## Economy & Business

toward a model economy five, six, seven years from now." He has even drawn up a detailed timetable: shrink the deficit further to \$35 billion in fiscal 1980, \$17 billion in 1981, zero in 1982. In consequence, as much as \$100 billion that the Government might pour out in deficit spending would be transferred to private industry and consumers for their own, noninflationary purposes.

In a long talk, Miller outlined other elements of his five-year plan to TIME Economic Correspondent George Taber: "It's important to move our investment level up from the present 8% or 9% of G.N.P. to 12%. That would mean \$75 billion more investment per year. We would once again assure ourselves a modern productive capacity and technological leadership. In this model economy, the housing industry must be thought of. To 1.8 million new houses and apartments this year, we should add 100,000 starts a year until we get to 2.3 million or 2.4 million, which is what we really need. Then I'd like to see exports, which are now 7% of G.N.P., grow to 10%. And I'd like to see us seriously address our regulatory burden and reduce it. The consequences will be full employment and price stability and a sound dollar."

Investment should be encouraged, Miller believes, by allowing businessmen to take faster tax write-offs on their new plant and equipment. That change can be enacted only by the Administration and Congress. His whole program is based on the idea that Government spending must be reduced from the current 22% of the G.N.P. to 20% by the early 1980s.

Miller does have a club: if Congress and the White House will not cooperate, the Federal Reserve will have to crack down so hard on money supply, and push interest rates so high, that there really will be a recession. Characteristically, he put it to Taber in tones of promise rather than threat: "The Fed fits into this model in a rather selfish way. Any economic strategy that works toward lessening inflation will inevitably lessen the pressure on the central bank," and allow it to put out enough money to promote his cherished 4% growth rate.

Optimistically, Miller sees signs that opinion is swinging his way. Says he: "The cynicism and divisiveness and skepticism of the past seem to be fading. We are starting to see that we do have a common enemy: inflation. Now we are beginning to see people saying, 'We don't want any more Government—and I'll have to give up my pet project too.' I don't think

there could be a nicer time in anyone's life than when you have everyone coming to a common understanding."

That seems a rather blithe overstatement: a tough budget-cutting policy will in fact arouse furious opposition. And "model economy" is a phrase so reminiscent of the naive expansiveness of the mid-1960s that hardly anyone else in Washington would dare utter it. But it sounds natural coming from Miller; self-assurance is as marked a strain in his character as his relaxed informality. At Textron he peppered fellow executives with what they called "Millerisms," such as "Don't rationalize mediocrity" and "There is no penalty for overachievement." Miller set an example by rising meteorically to become the company's president at the age of 35.

He also plunged into public service and ran national programs to hire Viet Nam veterans and train unemployed blacks. That won him a justified reputation for social concern. Though his dedicated inflation fighting satisfies the most conservative Republicans, Miller is a registered Democrat who worries greatly about unemployment: in the past he supported the abortive presidential bid of Liberal Hubert Humphrey. So it was not surprising that when Carter had had enough of Arthur Burns' professional nagging, a search team headed by Vice President Walter Mondale put Miller on a short list of potential successors at the Fed. Carter, aware that dumping the con-

servative Burns might frighten bankers and industrialists who already mistrusted the President's economic judgment, was looking for a progressive corporate chief—preferably a Democrat—whom Burns' admirers in business could hail as one of their own.

Miller also had a strong supporter in Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, an acquaintance from days when Blumenthal was running Bendix Corp. An interview with Carter, who had met him briefly four times before, clinched the job for

Miller. It seems fitting that two self-confident businessmen from rural backgrounds, who had initially sought success by going to military academies and who styled themselves economic moderates and social liberals, should hit it off. Miller faced a tough grilling by the Senate Banking Committee about bribes paid by Textron to spur sales of its Bell helicopters in Iran. His cool, precise answers convinced all the Senators except Chairman William Proxmire that he had no idea that the Shah's brother-in-law was the secret owner of a company to which Textron paid commissions. Some documents that subsequently came to light indicate that lower-ranking Textron officials did know, but there is no evidence that they told Miller.

The job that he stepped into is as tough as any in Washington. The Federal Reserve is a kind of bankers' bank: it regulates commercial banks that account for more than 70% of all bank deposits, holds the funds that they are required to keep on reserve, clears checks for them. But its most important functions are to determine the supply of money and the level of interest rates—and no questions touch off more disagreement in American policymaking. If the Federal Reserve is not condemned by the AFL-CIO's George Meany for causing unemployment by being too stingy, it is certain to be damned by Economist Milton Friedman for spurring inflation by being too generous. All too often it will simultaneously incur the wrath of liberals and conservatives.

The chairman has a prickly relationship with the rest of Government. The President appoints the Senate confirms the chairman and the six other

\*Proxmire also claimed that Miller was not expert enough in financial markets. In fact, Miller had been a director of the Boston Federal Reserve Bank for seven years, and FORTUNE judged him as a "modest Textron's pension fund manager." In early 1974 he management of these funds away from banks and shifted most of their assets from stocks into bonds. The move was well timed and caused Textron's pension funds to prosper far more than funds generally from then on.



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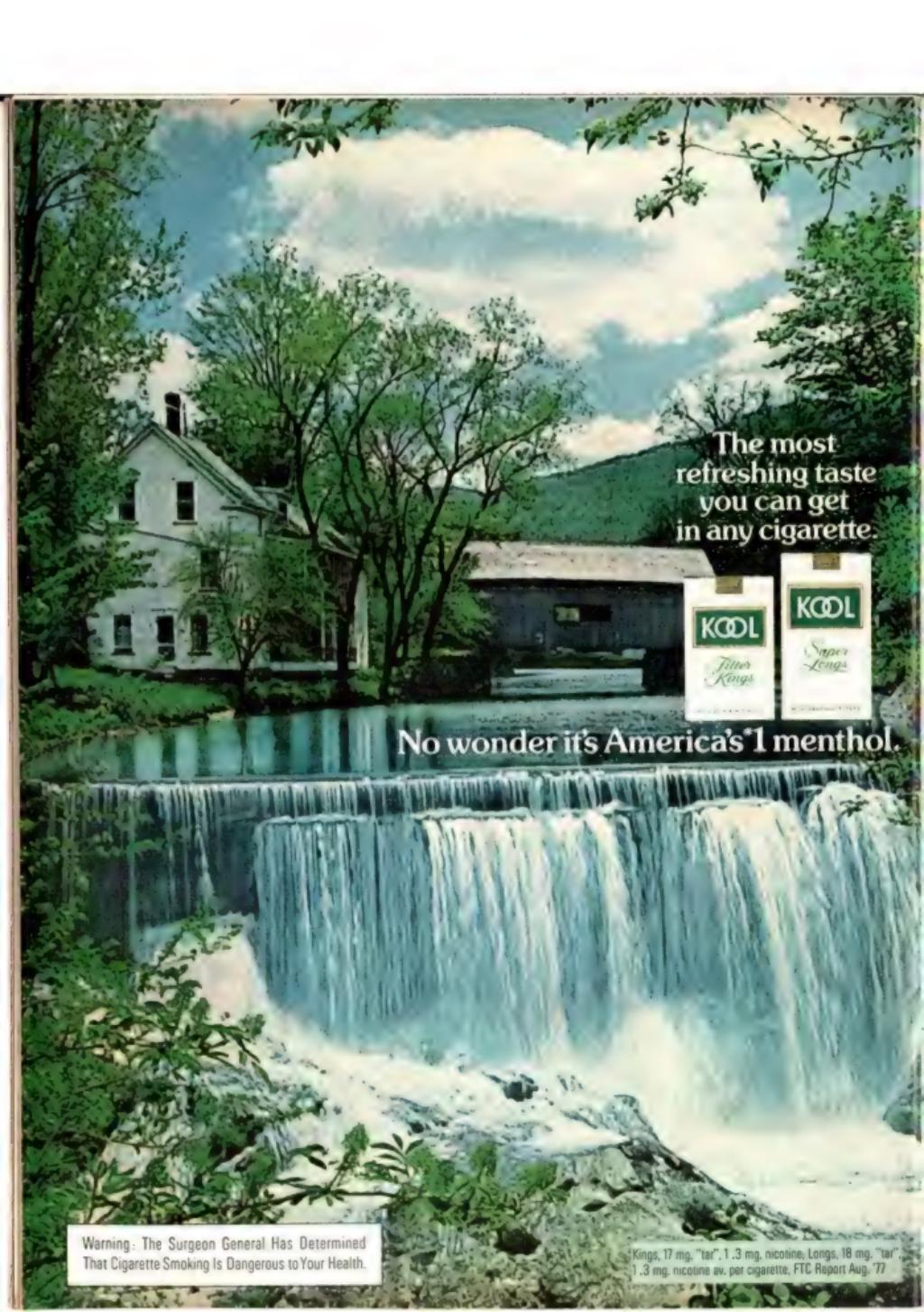
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## Economy & Business

governors of the board, and thereafter neither can give them orders. Burns has boasted that once, when Nixon's Treasury Secretary George Shultz called on him to plead that the Fed pump out more money, Burns angrily ordered Shultz out of his office.

**H**owever, the Federal Reserve and the Administration must try to get along. The Fed cannot press a tight-money policy so far as to prevent the Treasury from borrowing enough to cover the budget deficit (that would mean Government failure to pay its bills, which would shake the whole financial structure), but it can foil Administration policy by being tight or loose. So every chairman becomes a nonofficial adviser to the President.

At the Fed, the chairman has no statutory power to command. He has only one of seven votes on the board and one of twelve on the Federal Open Market

there may be hot debates in the future as the board tries to decide an exquisitely difficult question: At what point has it squeezed hard enough?

Miller seems to rely on a businessman's instinct rather than recondite financial learning. At one meeting that considered rules for a sale of Government-guaranteed mortgage bonds, he spoke of encouraging legitimate speculation but cracking down on market manipulation by bond houses. Another governor laughingly asked how the difference could be defined. Miller replied: "I can smell it."

He has also repaired the Federal Reserve's strained relations with the Administration. Miller meets regularly with Carter's economic aides (especially Blumenthal, a close ally, with whom he has breakfast at least once a week). Burns did too, but Carter aides complained that he gave them lectures about Administration policy while loftily declining to discuss what the Reserve was doing. Miller de-

President responded in April, launching a new policy that is still evolving.

Its main elements are now familiar: the White House is to veto inflationary spending bills, reduce the cost to business of Government regulation and aim to start an era of tighter budgets, declining deficits and moderate, less inflationary economic growth. Meanwhile, the Government will plead with business and labor to hold price and wage increases below the average of the past two years. All this fits Miller's ideas so well that there is speculation that he and Carter have struck a bargain under which the Administration practices tax-and-spending restraint and Miller refrains from a stern hold-down on credit. Miller and Carter have no formal deal but a tacit understanding to roughly that effect.

Unfortunately, the anti-inflationary policy has got off to a stumbling start. In the first regulatory battle, over a proposal by the Occupational Safety and Health



**A trio of smiles: Arthur Burns, President Carter and the chairman at the announcement of his appointment to the Federal Reserve Board**

*Hardly anyone else in Washington would dare speak of a model economy, but from the new chief it is just another "Millerism."*

Committee (FOMC), which makes the key operating decisions on money supply and interest rates. The practice is to have discussion go around and around the table until a consensus emerges, and take a vote only after its outcome has become a foregone conclusion. A forceful chairman can guide and shape the debate, but it had been thought that Miller's lack of training in banking might cause him to defer to his strong-minded colleagues.

Instead, Miller moved swiftly to take charge. Board meetings that rambled on endlessly under Burns began promptly and proceed crisply with Miller in the chair. He can move outside channels to get things done. Only two days after he was sworn in, he convened an extraordinary meeting of the FOMC in a conference telephone call to reach agreement on a \$2 billion increase in West German support for the dollar. Not all is harmony, however: two weeks ago Miller voted against a quarter-point increase in the discount rate at which the Federal Reserve lends to member banks, but lost—a most unusual occurrence. The dispute seems to have been more over tactics and timing than fundamental policy, but it indicates that

bates policy patiently enough to win high marks as a team player.

His advice has been highly effective so far, in part because Miller arrived in Washington just in time to tip the scales in a backroom debate. The Administration had started the year with a misguided program aimed at a continued strong growth, centering on the \$25 billion tax cut. It assumed that unemployment was stuck at 7% and that inflation was at least stable. According to Washington gossip, Jimmy Carter has lately mused to aides that he might as well have listened to a fortuneteller in Americus, Ga., as to his economic advisers.

By March, Blumenthal and Barry Bosworth, head of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, were arguing for an about-face to an anti-inflationary policy: Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat and Mondale contended that the necessity was not great enough to justify alienating various interest groups that would be hurt by spending restraints. Miller, at the independent Fed, was able to voice publicly the arguments that Blumenthal and Bosworth could make only in private, and thus build pressure on Carter. The

Administration to lower the level of cotton dust in mills—proposal Carter's economic advisers considered too costly—the President gave in to the regulators. The Administration has won a few mostly symbolic pledges from some steel-, aluminum- and automakers to limit price rises and executive salary increases. More dangerously, labor has refused to promise wage restraint. Meany calls Bosworth, a prime pleader for a wage hold-down, "that skinny redheaded s—."

**W**orse, inflation has built up unsettling momentum. One reason is a long series of past blunders by the Carter Administration: backing a huge increase in the minimum wage, promoting Social Security tax increases and thus jacking up business costs, forcing an expensive settlement of the coal strike. Another reason is that food prices are jumping, partly because of supply shortages caused by the brutal winter. Propelled largely by food costs, wholesale prices in June rose at an annual rate of 8.7%.

There are structural imbalances in the economy too that seem inaccessible to ei-



Miller meets with Fed and aides. On his right, Board Secretary Allison, Governors Jackson and Partee. On his left, Governors Gardner and Coldwell

In a mythical poll, respondents could not agree whether it is an Indian reservation, a wildlife preserve or a brand of whisky.

ther monetary or budget policy. To cite just two: many of the unemployed are unskilled women, blacks and/or teen-agers, whom employers are reluctant to hire unless demand reaches inflationary heights; medical and hospital costs seem to rise rapidly and inexorably no matter what is happening to business in general. Miller recognizes that such troubles need special attention, but they are no part of his responsibility at the Federal Reserve.

His formal duties are daunting enough. Eager though he is to promote a steady 4% growth, Miller vows that he will not pour out enough money "to validate the present inflation"—that is, to make credit available to anyone for whatever purpose. If he does, he says, "you will have runaway inflation and double-digit interest rates." If he holds the growth of money supply within his target range of 4% to 6 1/2%, Miller thinks, growth will continue while inflation will run out of monetary fuel. But there is always a chance that growth will suffer instead.

It is a risk that Arthur Burns would approve. Carter, a low-interest populist, probably hoped for a policy change to easier money when he appointed Miller, but he must know better by now. Both Miller's target and some of his rhetoric are so close to Burns' as to make many monetarists contend that, for all the differences in personality and style, Miller is a bred-in-the-bone central banker after all. Says Charles Walker, former Deputy Secretary of the Treasury: "I lost about \$100 in bets that Burns would be reappointed. I'm thinking of asking for my money back. Arthur Burns was reappointed, only his name is now William Miller."

Miller has probably set the right money-growth target, but hitting it is about as difficult as fine-tuning a color TV set while wearing boxing gloves. The Federal Reserve controls money by the indirect method of buying or selling Government securities. When it buys, it creates money out of thin air: it pays with its own checks, which the sellers—individuals and corporations—deposit in their bank accounts. The checks become new money, available to be loaned out. When the Fed sells Government securities, it

withdraws money from circulation: the buyers pay with checks that disappear into Federal Reserve vaults, never to be seen. The less money that banks have to lend, the higher interest rates will rise. The FOMC focuses on the Fed funds rate at which banks lend to each other, targeting its buying and selling to push up or pull down that rate to a desired level. The Fed funds rate influences all other interest rates.

In theory it all sounds neat, but in practice dozens of factors can throw off Federal Reserve calculations. The necessity of creating at least enough money for the Treasury to borrow to cover budget deficits is one. The strength or weakness of loan demand is perhaps the most important consideration. The Federal Reserve may set an interest-rate target of, say, 7 1/4% to 7 1/2% for Fed funds—which is believed to have been its goal in June. But if loan demand is exceptionally strong, it may have to put out more money than it wants in order to keep the rate from rising above the upper limit.

**T**here are various measures of the money supply, and right now the most important two are behaving contrarily. M1, which is currency plus checking accounts, has recently been growing at about an 11.4% annual rate, much faster than Miller wants, partly because loan demand in the year's second quarter was exceptionally strong. But M2, which is currency plus checking accounts and most time deposits in banks, grew at 8.3% in the second quarter, more slowly than Miller wants. A possible reason: investors have been switching from time deposits to higher-yielding short-term securities, like Treasury bills.

During Burns' last year, the Federal Reserve constantly overshot or undershot its targets, for reasons that no one seems fully to understand. The M1 growth rate swung crazily from almost 14% in one month to nearly zero in another, and the gyrations confused and alarmed moneymen. Miller aims for more stability by not pushing down wildly on the pedal or slamming on the brakes in one month to correct the previous month's error.

Even if he fulfills his goals, the prospects for the economy are touch and go. The standard forecast is that growth of real G.N.P. will slow to about 4% in the current quarter and 2% or 3% in the fourth—partly because the recent pace just cannot be sustained, partly because inflation will weaken the economy. Real G.N.P. is expected to be essentially flat in the first half of 1979. It is anyone's guess whether the slowdown will fulfill the definition of recession: two straight quarters of decline in real G.N.P. and mounting unemployment.

The bright side of the orthodox wisdom is that growth will resume, moderately, in the second half of next year and the economy will not suffer a credit crunch but only a squeeze late this year and early next. In the New York financial community, the betting is that interest rates will go up a bit more, but not much: that Miller will get the money supply under control; that loan demand will fall as the economy slows; that Government borrowing will be heavy, but enough money will be left to meet the reduced borrowing demands of most—not all—companies and individuals.

There are two catches. First, this unexciting prospect is a best-case vision. It would take only minor errors by the Federal Reserve, the Administration and/or Congress to produce recession, an accelerating inflation or both. Worse, even under the moderate slowdown script, inflation will simmer down only very gradually because it has become so deeply embedded in the economy.

In these difficult times, the prime policy requisites are steadiness and sensible coordination of policies among the Federal Reserve, the White House and Congress. Miller has made a promising start at both, but the complexities facing him in keeping it up are formidable. Says William McChesney Martin, a revered former Fed chairman: "He is like a golfer who has made four birdies in a row, but there are some more holes to play. He has a tough job ahead." Fortunately, he is tackling it in a spirit of optimism. A pessimist would be whipped before he began.

## Supreme Court of Money

The Constitution divided the Government into three branches, but now there are really 3½—with the Federal Reserve System being the half. It has so much latitude in money and banking that it is equal in independence to the Executive, Legislative and Judicial branches. The seven Federal Reserve governors can be removed only "for cause," and none ever has been. Since they are appointed for 14-year terms, they can stay in Washington while Presidents come and go. Exempt from Civil Service rules, the board in Washington and the twelve regional Federal Reserve banks hire and fire whom they please.

This independence and geographical dispersion were exactly what Congress had in mind when, spearheaded by Virginia Senator Carter Glass, it created the Federal Reserve after a fight in 1913 between easy-money Westerners and hard-money Easterners. The Westerners wanted to be sure that the Fed would never be dominated by Wall Street.

The Fed even finances itself. It makes a profit buying and selling Government securities, turns most of the earnings over to the Treasury (\$5.9 billion last year), but keeps whatever it chooses as its own budget and tells no one what it does with the money. Several times Congress has asked to look at the Fed's books; the board has said no.

Its independence seldom brings fame. The chairman is fairly well known, but, says Senate Banking Committee Chairman William Proxmire, "I bet only half a dozen members of Congress could tell the names of all the members of the board, and most people think that MI is a gun used in World War II." Few Washington cab drivers know the Fed's address on Constitution Avenue.

Besides determining the nation's money supply and, indirectly, interest rates, the Federal Reserve is also a kind of superbank. It lends money to member commercial banks, audits their books, writes the rules under which they operate. It can approve or disapprove mergers between banks, or tell a bank whether it can open a new branch in London. The Federal Reserve enforces ten laws enacted to protect borrowers, and wrote the rules that banks must follow to make sure that women can get loans as easily as men.

The atmosphere at Washington headquarters has long been one of scholarly leisure. Governors, whose sumptuous offices are fitted with marble fireplaces, work comfortable 8:45-to-5:15 hours and have plenty of time for reading and contemplation. Members of the Federal Reserve's superb staff, which produced the Government's first computerized model of the economy in 1968, can take a few months to study some obscure financial problem. According to persistent legend, Reserve employees also indulge in a good deal of partying and high living. Fed people say the stories are exaggerated, though the board long had its own tennis courts, and today its staffers almost monopolize some supposedly public courts near the building.

Under Miller, the work pace has picked up considerably. A month after he became chairman, the board finally resolved an issue that had been hanging fire for years. It will permit banks, starting Nov. 1, to pull money out of customers' savings accounts to cover overdrafts in their checking accounts. This will have almost the same effect as paying interest on checking-account balances. The small saver can deposit nearly all his money in a savings account, earning interest, and have it withdrawn to cover checks.

Miller is moving to solve the Federal Reserve's worst internal problem: declining membership. Nationally chartered banks must join the Federal Reserve System, but state chartered banks can choose whether to belong or not; in the past two years they have been dropping out at the rate of almost one a week, weakening the board's ability to control the money supply. Since 1965, the share of bank deposits regulated by the system has decreased from 86% to 72.5%.

The reason for the dropout rate: the Fed requires that banks keep substantial funds on deposit with it as a safety reserve. Citicorp Chairman Walter Wriston complains that belonging to the Reserve System cost his bank \$80 million last year. The solution would be for the Federal Reserve to pay interest on the deposits that it holds. Miller wanted to do that on his own authority, but Proxmire and House Banking Committee Chairman Henry Reuss protested that he was stretching the board's independence too far. At a hearing two weeks ago, Reuss bellowed at Miller: "The Federal Reserve can go jump in the lake!" Miller angrily blasted back: "If you tell me I can't write a memo, that's not acceptable." Last week Miller sent to Congress a proposal to pay 2% interest on member bank deposits.

If the bill passes and more banks join, they will be entering a many-layered system. The regional Federal Reserve banks carry out most of the workaday functions, such as clearing checks and distributing currency and coins to member banks. The New York City bank also buys dollars with foreign currencies in order to prop the greenback's price, acting under orders from a board committee that consults with Treasury Under Secretary Anthony Solomon about how much to buy and when.

The regional bank presidents, along with the seven board governors, serve on the Federal Open Market Committee, which makes the key decisions on money supply and interest rates. But only five of the twelve regional presidents vote on the FOMC. The president of the New York bank, now Paul Volcker, is a permanent voting member; the other eleven regional presidents rotate the remaining four votes.

The board in Washington is the final authority. A succession of forceful chairmen—Marriner Eccles (1936-48), William McChesney Martin (1951-70), Arthur Burns (1970-78) and now Miller—have caused the other governors to fade into public obscurity, but they still have influence. Next to Miller on the current board, J. (for John) Charles Partee, a former head of the Fed staff and wise student of the economy, has the most clout. Henry Wallich, a former Yale professor, is the board's contact man with foreign central banks. A refugee from Germany, he lived through insane inflation there in the 1920s; he likes to tell of the day that his mother handed him a billion-mark bill so that he could buy a ticket to a swimming pool. Stephen S. Gardner, a former chairman of Philadelphia's Girard Trust Bank, is an economic moderate, and Philip Coddwell, once head of the Dallas Federal Reserve Bank, is a hard-line conservative who considered Arthur Burns too liberal. Philip Jackson, an Alabama mortgage banker, is noted more for his hunting prowess than his impact on policy.

The seventh seat was vacated by Burns, and Carter has decided to appoint a woman to an institution once so male chauvinist that it took Eleanor Roosevelt to crash the men-only rule in the board's dining room. The successor is Nancy Teeters, 47, the chief economist of the House Budget Committee. She was chosen largely because she has strong liberal views that she argues forcefully; Carter sees the board, Miller excepted, as a hotbed of Hoover Republicanism.



Governor-to-Be Nancy Teeters

# Religion

## Papal Oddsmaking

*A bold American effort to rate the "candidates"*

One hundred sixteen Roman Catholic Cardinals round the world will get an unusual item in their mail this week: a 300-page book containing "dossiers" on all 116, who some day will enter a conclave and, from among their ranks, elect the next Pope. The book, *The Inner Elite: Dossiers of Papal Candidates* (\$12.95), is but the beginning. The publisher, Sheed Andrews & McMeel, is also putting out a cheeky monthly newsletter, *Conclave Confidential*, which for \$30 a year offers the latest scuttlebutt on papal "candidates" and Vatican politicking. Next to come: computerized game plans on ways the conclave might develop.

All this is a bold (some would say rash) American-based program to open up the election process, which is wreathed in secrecy. If Popes were Presidents, of course, such publications would be routine. One does not "run" for Pope, however, and a

"Cardinal who even appears to do so may harm his prospects. Besides, the time of election depends not on the calendar but on the death of the frail incumbent, Pope Paul, 80. Inevitably, such speculation seems a bit ghoulish.

James Andrews, chairman of Sheed, dreamed up the project two years ago and put the dossier book in the capable hands of Author Gary MacEoin, who edited reports from 100 tipsters in many nations.

The related newsletter runs material mainly from three anonymous writers in Rome and three in the U.S. Both the book and the newsletter are sponsored by 18 Catholics who make up a Committee for the Responsible Election of the Pope, chaired by Andrews and Philip Scharper, top editor at the Maryknoll Fathers' Orbis Books.

The Sheed dossiers combine straight biographical facts with opinionated, often blunt assessments. And some spice. Pericle Felici, 66, the "ruthless" front-running candidate on the right, is said to use a telephoto lens to monitor Pope Paul's movements about his palace. Another Curia Cardinal, Giuseppe Maria Sensi, is said to be "a lover of fast cars" who currently zips about in a red BMW 3000. In Guatemala, Mario Casariego has been so closely identified with the regime that his automobile is always accompanied by a



Front Runner Sebastiano Baggio

radio patrol and two armed motorcycle guards."

The dossiers have a none-too-subtle tilt to the left, which results in putdowns of most of the U.S. Cardinals. John Carroll of St. Louis is "threatened by a world he does not understand." Terence Cooke of New York is "untouched by theology or other theoretical influences." John Krol of Philadelphia and the Vatican's John Wright are both "princely" and "authoritarian." The ideological bias flaws judgment in some instances. It is du-

bious whether Belgium's Leo Jozef Suenens was the non-Italian "front runner in the early 1970s" or that another liberal, Holland's Bernard Alfrink, will be "one of the most influential" conclave members.

The book's introductory material points out that non-Europeans have a voting majority for the first time since the College of Cardinals acquired exclusive control of papal elections eight centuries ago. The Italian bloc now numbers only 26 out of the 116 electors. By the book's judgments, the conclave would have 50 conservatives, 35 progressives and 31 Cardinals with moderate, mixed or unclear positions.

Among non-Italian candidates, the book thinks the "obvious front runner" is Eduardo Pironio, a liberal-minded Argentine in the Vatican Curia, though at 57 he is probably too young to be elected in the next several years. Other non-Italian possibilities cited are Holland's Johannes Willebrands, 68 ("an interesting combination of Dutch progressivism" and Curial "caution"), and Austria's Franz König, 72 (a "progressive" who has lately been leaning to the right).

But despite the geography of the conclave, the authors, like most observers, think it "unlikely" that the next Pope will be non-Italian. Of the Italians, they rate most likely to succeed two officials of the Vatican Curia: Sebastiano Baggio, 65 ("very political-minded, very shrewd and very smooth"), and at higher odds, Sergio Pignedoli, 68 ("more open and positive" than his friend Pope Paul). A strong contender a few years hence is Florence's Giovanni Benelli, now only 57, who is assessed as "quite inadequate" to deal with today's culture.

How will ranking churchmen react? Publisher Andrews thinks "the initial response will be that this is outrageous, but information is a very powerful thing, and church leaders are bound to be affected by it." However, four Cardinals in the Vatican Curia told TIME that such dossiers would never influence a conclave, and two of them insisted that they would discard them unread. Said one: "What could they tell me about a fellow Cardinal that I don't already know? And what do these people know about the problems and needs of the church?" Shrug. Committee Co-Chairman Scharper: "We are casting bread upon the waters, and it may come back wet bread." ■



Contender Sergio Pignedoli  
Bread cast upon the waters may get wet.



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## Swedish-Czech Coronation

*A blazing Borg and a controlled Navratilova take Wimbledon*

After two weeks of rain and royalty, of upsets on Centre Court and strawberries and cream in the members' enclosure, the All-England tennis championships at Wimbledon finally got down to the business at hand: deciding who are the world's finest tennis players. For the first time since 1972, the two top-seeded men and the two top-seeded women in the game survived to do battle on Centre Court for the singles titles. On successive days, Chris Evert and Martina Navratilova and Björn Borg and Jimmy Connors—great young tennis stars in fine form—treated Wimbledon to rousing games of king and queen of the mountain. When it was over, Navratilova and Borg stood alone at the top.

Borg's smashing 6-2, 6-2, 6-3 win brought him his third straight Wimbledon title, a feat last achieved by Fred Perry in the mid-1930s. It also brought the score in the six-year Borg-Connors rivalry, which has produced some of the most thrilling tennis ever, to six matches for the unflappable Swede against eight for the stormy American.

And once again, as in their last two matches, at Boca Raton, Fla., and Tokyo earlier this year, the younger Borg (now 22, vs. 25 for Connors) was clearly superior. His metronomic groundstrokes raked the corners of the court, upsetting Connors' rhythm and preventing him from battling back with the laser passing shots and pinpoint volleys that are his best strokes. But it was Borg's serve that made this the quickest (107 min.) and most definitive Wimbledon men's final since 1974, when Connors pasted Ken Rosewall in a straight-set win.

Borg scored five aces and 19 outright winners on his whistling serve; Connors was able to break serve, but once in twelve games. With Connors rocked back on his heels by the Swede's boomers, Borg, who normally takes root at the baseline and whittles away with topspin groundstrokes, moved to the net to volley Jimmy's returns. Until recently, the sight of Borg at the net was as rare as, say, a display of good manners by Ilie Nastase. But Borg charged to the front court frequently and effectively in his semifinal with The Netherlands' Tom Okker, and decided to continue against Connors in the duel he called "one of my best matches ever."

The women's final between Chris Evert, 23, and Czech Defector Martina Navratilova, 21, offered drama of a different sort. Evert was coming back from her first tennis vacation since her debut as a 16-year-old at Forest Hills in 1971. She won the first of her two Wimbledon singles titles at 19, and has ruled the game



**Three-time winner Borg bussing his trophy**  
*Who'll be "the guy to beat for me" now?*

with icy consistency ever since. But sated and weary, she temporarily abandoned the sport this winter. While Chris went home to her parents, Martina came home to her talents. Mastering an emotional temperament and harnessing her formidable gifts to new-found concentration and a newly designed "lucky dress," Navratilova reeled off a string of indoor victories. For the first time since injury blunted Billie Jean King's game and motherhood interrupted Evonne Goolagong Cawley's career, Evert faced a legitimate challenger to her hegemony.

The issue was determined, for now at least, in a three-set match of alternately brilliant and shaky tennis. It took Evert just 27 minutes to win the first set, 6-2, over an obviously nervous Navratilova. It was the Czech's first singles final, and she played its opening games as if in a daze. With Navratilova leading 1-0 in the second set, Wimbledon fans witnessed one of the oddest turning points in the history of Centre Court. Evert lofted a desperate return high over the net, and Navratilova leaped to kill it. But what ought to have been an easy smash wasn't: her high stroke completely missed the ball, which flopped softly behind her for

Evert's point. Navratilova covered her face with her hand, utterly embarrassed by the humiliation of fanning in Centre Court. But rather than crumbling, as she had so often in the past, she roared back. As she put it after the match: "The whiff of sweat woke me up."

Navratilova carried the second set, 6-4, on the strength of her powerful serve-and-volley game. Down two games to four in the final set, she rallied once more while the ever cool Evert began to make mistakes. With the match tied at five games each, Evert's seeing-eye baseline shots suddenly went blind. Three forehands and a backhand went out of court, and Evert lost her serve. It was she, not the temperamental Czech, who had cracked. Evert won just one point in the last three games. Martina Navratilova became the new champion of women's tennis.

Evert made no excuses, conceding that she had simply been outplayed: "If I'm going to be No. 1, I'll have to want it more." As for Navratilova, she was ecstatic. "I came through," she said. "I don't know if I should cry or scream or laugh. I feel very happy that I won, and at the same time I'm very sad that I can't share this with my family."

For Navratilova, the Wimbledon title is the final, triumphant step in a long, lonely passage. She was just 16 when she first appeared on the international tennis scene, a chubby-cheeked kid with a big serve and an even bigger appetite for the world beyond the quiet (pop. 5,000) Prague suburb of Revnice in her native Czechoslovakia. While the Czech Tennis Federation looked on with growing dismay, young Martina proved to be as precocious off-court as she was in competition. She relished her increasing celebrity and the freedom that went with it. When Navratilova arrived in some American town for a tournament, boutique owners braced for her spending sprees, and the local McDonald's franchise laid plans to change the numbers on those signs proclaiming 15 BILLION HAMBURGERS SOLD. Tennis buffs argued over which grew faster, her figure or her flashy wardrobe.

But her game was big too. Early on, the 5-ft. 7-in. Navratilova was nicknamed the Iron Maiden for her stamina and physical power. Her first serve is the strongest women's tennis has seen since the heyday of Margaret Court. Even as a teen-ager, she could pin opponents to the stadium wall with deep, booming serves. She charged to the net for follow-up volleys as aggressively as Billie Jean King at her fearless peak. With adequate (if occasionally unsteady) groundstrokes, her only on-court enemy was herself: she rattled easily, making unforced errors, while her concentration wandered. Still she climbed into the top ten on the strength of undisciplined talent, and at age 18 found that her zest for the life of the world



class star she was becoming had outrun the indulgence of Czech authorities.

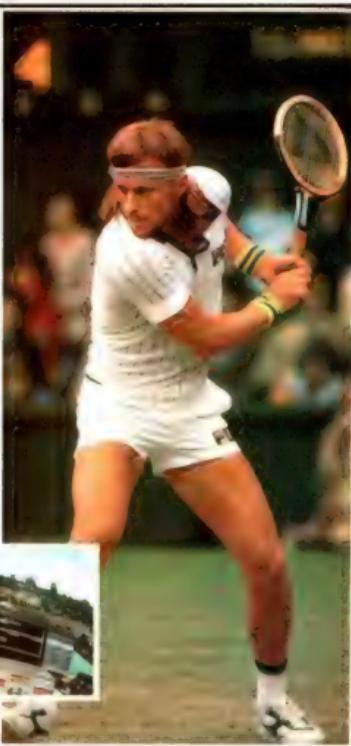
In 1975, fearful that a crackdown would prohibit further international competition, Navratilova defected to the U.S. It was an awesome step. For all her on-court panache and off-court sophistication, she was very young—and now she was quite alone. Navratilova probably can never return to her homeland, and Czech officials have refused to allow her parents to visit her in the West. (An appeal by her father, a factory economist, for permission to go to Wimbledon was turned down.)

She settled in Dallas and took up the nomadic life of the touring pro. There she assuaged her loneliness with guarded telephone calls to her family and junk-food forays with friends. She also ballooned to 172 lbs., and the resulting sluggishness kept her from the very highest ranks. She became a perennial semifinalist, a player who sabotaged her talent with breakdowns in concentration under pressure. But last fall Navratilova finally calmed down. Under the management of former Professional Golfer

ART SEITZ



Splendor on the grass: Connors (left) and Borg preparing to uncoil backhand drives. Above: The scene at Wimbledon



Photographs for TIME by Robert Sietsema



Martina Navratilova, wearing her "lucky dress," on the way to her singles triumph

After the whiff that "woke me up," the Iron Maiden kept her cool and got her win.

Sandra Haynie, now an athletes' agent, Navratilova bought a home and went on a rigid diet. With Haynie, courtside wagging signals. Martina brought her temper under control and soon was chopping down opponents, as well as her own excess poundage.

While Evert took a four-month hiatus from the circuit early this year, Navratilova became the scourge of the women's tour. By the end of March, she had won seven straight tournaments. Chris, an old friend, met the slimmer (145 lbs.) and newly determined Martina in a Wimbledon warmup at the English seaside resort town of Eastbourne in late June. Navratilova won that stirring duel, serving notice that her resurgence was for real.

Before her center-court final, Navratilova admitted that more than a title was at stake for her in tennis' premiere event. A Wimbledon victory represented vindication for this intensely proud and moody young Czech. "The Czech papers don't print my name," she said. "That's why I want to win Wimbledon. They'll have to print my name then." Her exile's journey ended with a sharp backhand volley at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. No less a traveler than Chris Evert acknowledged: "She has been through a lot of hurt and loneliness. She is tougher than I am."

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# Medicine

## The Cinderella Disease

NGU, the most common VD

**T**o most people, venereal disease means either syphilis or gonorrhea. But, in fact, the most common venereal disease in America today is one that has been so overlooked by both the public and doctors that a British expert has dubbed it "the Cinderella disease: nongonococcal urethritis." The clinical name of the Cinderella disease: nongonococcal urethritis, or NGU.

Urethritis is an inflammation of the urethra, the channel carrying urine from the bladder. In gonorrhea victims, it is caused by the gonococcus bacterium. But in a majority of cases of NGU, no gonococcus can be found—hence the name nongonococcal urethritis. Though the cause of NGU cannot always be determined, researchers have in recent years

Epidemiologists Julius Schachter of the University of California at San Francisco: "Five percent, at a minimum, of all newborn infants are exposed to these organisms. Forty percent to 50% of all babies passing through an infected cervix acquire chlamydial infection."

Public health experts say that NGU is increasing at an epidemic rate, far faster than gonorrhea. It is now the most common sexually transmitted disease in developed countries. Though the true incidence of NGU is unknown in the U.S., in part because physicians here are not required to report cases, the Center for Disease Control estimates that between 4 million and 9 million Americans are afflicted. NGU is noted most often in young, single, sexually active whites from the middle and upper classes. Says Dr. William McCormack of Harvard Medical School: "Almost all of the urethritis that is seen in college health services and in private practice is nongonococcal."

Despite the NGU epidemic, gonorrhea, which generally attacks the poor, blacks

usually responds to penicillin, NGU is treated with tetracycline or erythromycin.

Still, the greatest problem in halting the spread of NGU is the tendency of physicians to regard it as a urological condition in men rather than a venereal disease affecting both sexes. Consequently, because women's symptoms are not obvious and because little effort has been made to trace and treat the female sexual partners of male victims (a vital element in venereal disease control), the disease Ping Pongs through the population. But progress is being made. Says Dr. McCormack: "Five years ago, neither men nor women were being treated appropriately. Now it's mainly the women."

## Capsules

### SMOKE-FILLED ROOMS

Being in a room with people who are smoking can be hazardous to your health. Fact or fancy? Fact, says Cardiologist Wilbert Aronow of the University of California College of Medicine at Irvine. In a study at the Long Beach Veterans Administration Hospital, Aronow tested the effects of passive smoking (breathing smoke-contaminated air) on ten men with severe coronary-artery disease. All of them had angina pectoris, a condition marked by chest pain and triggered by not enough oxygen reaching the heart. Each man sat in an 11-ft. by 12-ft. room with three people who each smoked five cigarettes over a period of two hours. Ordinarily, the men could pedal exercise about four minutes before experiencing chest pains. After sitting in a smoke-filled room, they were forced to stop after only 2½ to 3 min., and their heart rates and blood pressures rose as they inhaled the nicotine-laden air. Concludes Aronow: "Passive smoking aggravates angina pectoris."



Victim bakes in oven 30 days in 16th century treatment for VD

*A tendency by doctors to see a urological problem and not a venereal disease.*

identified a culprit in about half the cases: a tiny bacterium called *Chlamydia trachomatis*, the same microbe that causes trachoma, an eye disease.

**C**hlamydial infections usually produce mild but recognizable symptoms in men: pain during urination and a clear, watery mucoid discharge. The infection is not as readily apparent in women; chlamydia can remain unnoticed in the cervix, producing no apparent symptoms. Left untreated, the infection may lead to serious complications. Men can develop inflammation of the epididymis, which carries sperm from the testis. In women, inflammation may occur in the cervix or the fallopian tubes (which can become blocked, causing sterility) and other pelvic areas. Even worse, the infection can be passed on to babies during birth, causing eye infections and pneumonia. Says

and other less privileged members of society, receives swifter and more comprehensive care. The reason, in part, is that the symptoms of NGU, though uncomfortable, are generally relatively mild compared with those of gonorrhea; male victims sometimes feel they can defer medical attention. Women are usually unaware that they are infected. Doctors, too, are at fault. Some still are not familiar with NGU and confuse it with gonorrhea, resulting in inappropriate treatment.

Indeed, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between NGU and gonorrhea by physical examination alone (though gonorrhea tends to produce a yellowish discharge). Because the technique for culturing chlamydia is not yet widely available, doctors diagnose NGU by examining a smear or culture of discharge for the presence of gonococci. If none are there, the disease is NGU. Unlike gonorrhea, which

### SKATEBOARD INJURIES

When skateboard fever surfaced in the 1970s, sales were not the only thing to skyrocket. The estimated number of skateboard injuries treated in emergency rooms, a measly 3,682 in 1973, rose in 1977 to a whopping 140,070, about a third of them fractures. The Consumer Product Safety Commission's National Injury Information Clearinghouse once ranked skateboards (along with scooters and skates) 42nd on the list of hazards; now the group is No. 7. Very few injuries are due to product defects. Says Clearinghouse Director Nancy Johnston: "We found that a lot of injuries occur in the first week of use or with borrowed skateboards. They're due to the skateboarder not having enough experience, balance or judgment."

Though injuries in the first six months of 1978 were down to 45,698 from 70,874 for the same period last year, Johnston says that "by the end of the year, the number could still catch up."

# Music

## Strings of Gold

*U.S. players triumph in Moscow competition*

Twelve years ago, a young cellist named Nathaniel Rosen, then 18, journeyed from California to Moscow to compete in the famous International Tchaikovsky Competition. Held every four years, it is one of the world's most demanding and prestigious tests of talent in violin, cello, piano and voice. Rosen, the youngest cello entrant, made it to the finals but did not place. The three-week series of eliminations left him exhausted. "I'd love to go back to the Soviet Union," he concluded, "but probably not as a competitor."

This year he changed his mind, and a fortunate thing too. At 30—now the oldest of the cello competitors—he returned to play, among other pieces, Tchaikovsky's *Variations on a Rococo Theme*, which he performed in 1966. This time he won a rousing ovation and a first-prize gold medal. In what can only be called the year of the strings for America, Elmar Oliveira, 28, of Binghamton, N.Y., shared a gold medal in the violin division with the Soviet Union's Ilya Grubert. Violinist Dylana Jenson, only 17, shared a second-place silver medal, and Daniel Heifetz shared fourth-place violin honors. It was the U.S.'s most impressive showing ever; its only other gold medals went to Pianist Van Cliburn in the first competition, held in 1958, and to Soprano Jane Marsh in 1966.

This year's event was held primarily in the Palace of Congresses, a huge modern hall inside the Kremlin, presided over by an enormous portrait of Tchaikovsky. It drew 250 musicians from 37 countries, and all sessions were sold out weeks in advance. Said Rosen: "One of the things that sustains you in the competition is the love of the Russian public for the music. There is no apathy, no sleepiness; everyone concentrates on the musician."

Soviet critics praised Rosen's "splendid technique and beautiful full sound." Principal cellist with the Pittsburgh Symphony under André Previn, Rosen was elated by his second-time-around victory. "Before, I was examining the



**Cellist Winner Nathaniel Rosen**

*Tchaikovsky was looking on.*

style of others," he said. "This time, I was much more intense, concentrated." He began playing the cello at six when his father, an amateur violinist, and his mother, a pianist, started their son practicing in hopes of gaining an addition to their family chamber group. At 13, he made his debut with a symphony orchestra in Redlands, Calif., and began studying with Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky.

A broad-ranging musician who has even played on rock records, Rosen won the Naumburg cello competition in New York last year. His new triumph was no surprise to his father, who accompanied his son to Moscow and predicted the outcome from the start. Previn was not surprised either. Said he: "I kept telling him that he would win because he is the finest young cellist in the world."

Oliveira, a solo violinist whose U.S. recitals have earned him a reputation as a dramatic, virtuoso performer, was praised by Russian critics for the "wealth of timbres, imagination and artistry" in his work. He began taking lessons at nine from his older brother, now a violinist with the Houston Symphony, and used a violin made by his father, a carpenter. He debuted with the Hartford Symphony at 14, and won a



**Gold Medal Violinist Elmar Oliveira**

Naumburg prize two years before Rosen, in 1975. Although Oliveira feels that competitions are too powerful a force in establishing musicians' reputations, he was still happy: "Such a prize gives a performer a tremendous boost. It opens up more engagements with finer orchestras, better recitals throughout the world."

Indeed it does. Offers are pouring in for Oliveira to perform with symphonies across the U.S. He can now command \$3,000-\$1,000 more than his precompetition rate. As for Rosen, he may be able to support himself as a soloist. Says he: "It is much more difficult for a cellist to have a soloist career than it is for a pianist or a violinist. It would be a fantastic achievement if I could do even a small thing to advance the cause of cellists." ■

## Tops in Pops

*Rockin' through summer*

**Bob Dylan: Street-Legal** (Columbia). Step over here, kids, and watch how the big boys do it. Dylan's past couple of records have found him hitting, missing, mostly flailing, but *Street-Legal* lands home pretty clean. Among jugular reveries and cyclonic voyages to the end of the night, it is the love songs that stand out. Dylan sings them in a variety of moods: surly wit ("Do you love me? Or are you just extending good will?"); sidelong irony ("Betrayed by a kiss/ On a cool night of bliss/ In the valley of the missing link"); even a certain smarmy desperation ("I'm lost in the haze of your delicate ways"). In live appearances, Dylan has lately converted himself into a sardonic showman, tossing around patter between numbers, glad-handing the audience, carrying on as if he wants to bellyhop straight into the mainstream. *Street-Legal* has strong pop overtones, and at least two cuts (*Baby Stop Crying and We Better Talk This Over*) sound shaped for the Top Ten. Dylan's heat still burns, though, and blazes bright.

**The Rolling Stones: Some Girls** (Rolling Stones Records). Raw, saw-toothed rock 'n' roll, rightly acclaimed as the best Stones album since *Exile on Main Street* (1972). *Some Girls* does not have the below-the-belt punch of *Exile*, despite low-down tunes and sulfurous lyrics. Keith Richards often sounds as if he is going to burn his fingers off on the guitar. Charlie Watts' drumming rolls all the way between a fondle and a mugging, and Mick Jagger sings with spirited cool. The problem may be that after all this time, the brimstone is dying out. The Stones, as ever, are looking to stun and outrage. But whether they are singing little anthems to S-M (*When the Whip Comes Down*), deflating stereotypes (*Some Girls*) or giving the finger-pop to overbearing paramours (*Beast of Burden*), they seem less fierce

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Anthony Edgeworth, contributing photographer, Esquire Magazine

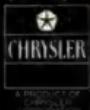
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## Music

than jaded. The songs, the attitudes are meant to have some savor of the streets. Instead, they often sound too much like cafe society for anyone's comfort but the Stones.

**Laura Nyro: Nested** (Columbia) The record that asks the question: "Can we mend / transcend the broken dishes of our love?" In pressed wallflower ballads and rhythm and blues slicked up for the cotillion, this garland of lovelorn billets-doux shows no sign of Nyro's lyrical gift. Most of the tunes have to do with being wronged, often romantically, sometimes legally ("Autumn's child is catchin' hell," she sings, "for having been too naive to tell property rights from chapel bells"). These are the best lines on the record. They are promptly diluted, then wasted, like every other tune in this set, by sun-blinded personal reflections.

**Ella James: Deep in the Night** (Warner Bros.) Seems like great casting. Ella James is one of the great rhythm-and-blues singers. Producer Jerry Wexler, during his days at Atlantic, set down much of the finest big-city R & B ever put on record. Here, James and Wexler are working together for the first time, and the results do not match the potential. The direction of this record seems wrong, away from roots music and into pop. Matched against feeble material like Alice Cooper's *Only Women Bleed*, James' four-channel sensuality tears the song to shreds. With tunes that can stand up to her raunchy intensity, like Allen Toussaint's *Sweet Touch of Love*, we are reminded that she can still dress a song to kill.

**Buddy Holly/The Crickets: 20 Golden Greats** (MCA) You'll hear no better rock 'n' roll this year. When Buddy Holly died in 1959, he had been making hit records for only a year and a half. This album, lovingly compiled, has been released in conjunction with the film of Holly's life and contains his most celebrated tunes, from the best-known (*Peggy Sue, There'll Be the Day*) to songs like *Think It Over* and *Rave On*, which burst with the driving, wiry simplicity that helped shape rock.

**The Kinks: Misfits** (Arista) Satiric broadsides and lyric hotshots from the dauntless Kinks, who have been dishing out rock-'n'-roll mockery for over a decade and show no sign of letting up or simmering down. In *Hay Fever*, Ray Davies laments the crimp that allergies have put in his social life ("I can't make love when I can't hardly breathe. We start to dance and my nose starts to bleed"). Davies also updates *Lola*, the Kinks' jolly classic of transvestite confusion.



in *Out of the Wardrobe*. The new song recounts the marital stress that arises when Devoted Spouse Dick takes to wearing dresses. Panic is avoided by a salving insight ("He's not a faggot as you might suppose. He just feels restricted in conventional clothes"). And equilibrium of a sort is re-established when Dick's adaptable wife Betty Lou takes to wearing trousers and smoking a pipe. Fine, corrosive fun from one of the perennials of British rock.



**Tom Robinson Band: Power in the Darkness** (Harvest) Rock with heavy political underpinnings is provided by a new bunch of young English spoilers. Leader Tom Robinson has a robust conscience to match a good back beat as he and the band wrestle with many weighty matters, from the humiliations of alternative sexuality (*Glad to Be Gay*) to warring, restless teen-agers (*Up Against the Wall*) and the stirrings of British fascism (*Power in the Darkness*). They lighten the load by providing a couple of good-time automotive rockers (*Grey Corridors* and the wonderful 2-4-6-8 *Motorway*) that stand among the most joyous of all new-wave British rock.

**Carlene Carter** (Warner Bros.) Genealogy first: Carter's stepfather is Johnny Cash, her mother June Carter. But instead of following the family route, Carlene has enlisted some of the best young English rockers (Brinsley Schwarz, Graham Parker, Nick Lowe) to play and sing harmony behind her, buttressing her music with high-octane spirit. The result is an album so congenial and accomplished it hardly sounds like a debut. You can still hear a country inflection in Carter's voice, which may miss a certain roughhouse quality but has a crystalline sensuality full of flirtation and promise.

**The Moody Blues: Octave** (London) The first Moodyes album since 1973, and there must be someone out there waiting. With sales on the Blues' seven previous records working past 28 million, there is no indication that *Octave* will fall on deaf ears. Sensitive ears is another matter entirely. *Octave* is music to pour on waffles, smirking melodies gift-wrapped in heavy orchestrations and tagged with lyrics ("You won't see the woods. While you're a tree") that ought properly to be crocheted and converted into doilies.

**Garland Jeffreys: One-Eyed Jack** (A & M) Jeffreys is a tough-strutting street laureate, part black, part white, part Puerto Rican, whose jazz-tinged, rock-based tunes can hit you hard and cool you down like a blast from an open hydrant on the hottest day of summer. This is big-city music to play anywhere, made with the scrupulous avoidance of sentimentality that becomes a sweet mood all its own. The album's dedication ("In memory of my childhood idol, Jackie Robinson") tips Jeffreys' hand, especially when he follows it with two lines from the wonderful title cut: "Here comes the One-Eyed Jack Sometimes White and sometimes Black."

— Jay Cocks

# Brian Gottfried



Brian Gottfried—former U.S. Davis Cup champion and international tennis star

# challenges The Equitable.

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# Theater



RONALD FREDERICK

Garment workers celebrate the U.S. spirit in a scene from *Pins and Needles*

## Forty Years On

PINS AND NEEDLES

Music and Lyrics by Harold Rome

Every show has two settings, the one on stage and one in the society that exists behind it. *Pins and Needles*, at Manhattan's Roundabout Theater, is almost 41 years old; the first line of its first number is "Sing me a song of social significance." But the difference between what was socially significant in 1937 and in 1978 is so ironically perceptible as to cripple some of the numbers while endowing others with brand-new satirical bite.

A song like *Sunday in the Park* is a musical idyl to the garment workers' one day off, where lovers hold hands, mothers stroll with their tots and old people bask on sunny benches. The park has to be Central Park, since *Pins and Needles* is very New York in tone and allusion. Now people still do those things in Central Park, but its current "social significance" is that it is a place one enters at the risk of being mugged or mangled by young thugs armed with baseball bats.

At the other end of the scale, *When I Grow Up* ("I want to be a G-man—bang!—bang!—bang!") has an impact of dis-enchantment now that could not have been dreamed of in 1937. Then, a G-man was a hero, the sanctification of J. Edgar Hoover had just begun. Daniel Fortunato delivers the song with wicked zest, and the audience responds in kind.

Harold Rome's music has an infectious amiability and moves the show along on dancing feet, though the level of choreography is primitive. Rome's lyrics achieve something that is perhaps rarer than wit, a good humor that arises from compassionate fellow feeling.

What the players communicate with no little success is the resilience of spirit of that period. The number *F.D.R. Jones*,

inserted from another musical, is a clue to the social significance of *Pins and Needles*. Through magnetic eloquence and leadership, Franklin D. Roosevelt was able to restore the Depression-bruised American people's confidence in themselves. Having come through that ordeal, they were ready for World War II

—T.E. Kalem

## Tower of Babble

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman

Abandon sanity, all ye who enter Manhattan's Circle in the Square Theater for the revival of George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart's 1930 farce. *Once in a Lifetime*. It is well worth the effort.

This show is a roller coaster of mer-

iment, with hairpin turns of plot, zany swoops of emotion and a breakneck tempo. But for fanciers of substance in entertainment, soap bubbles would be soldier. Kaufman and Hart twisted their comic vine on Hollywood at just the time the movie colony was panicking over emergent speech. Jolson had sung; could Shakespeare be far behind? In panic, Hollywood raided Broadway for its voices.

Three broke vaudevillians decide to become tower builders in Babel. George (John Lithgow), May (Deborah May) and Jerry (Treat Williams) open an elocution school in Hollywood to prep silent stars for the talkies. Jerry ruffles through people like a deck of cards. May has the patience of Florence Nightingale, and George is purer than the infancy of truth and madder than his true love (Julia Duffy). Through simple unpollutable honesty, George becomes chief of staff to a manic-depressive studio mogul, Herman Glagauer. George S. Irving plays this role as if he were a Yiddish Mussolini.

What obviously amused Kaufman and Hart was that Hollywood of the period was a Seventh Avenue transplant. Glagauer and his opportunistic opponents are ex-garment district New York furriers. The playwrights also perceived that the place was a squirrel's paradise. The norm was then, and now, nuttiness.

As a high priestess in the realm of the irrational, Jayne Meadows Allen does a deadly parody of Louella Parsons, and Max Wright is a marvel of frustration as a writer with nothing to show for his work but a gilded cage. If one name must rank above the other 28 in the cast, it has to be that of John Lithgow, whose simple-souled George cements his reputation as an actor of formidable versatility.

—T.E. Kalem



Irving, Duffy, Lithgow, May and Williams in a scene from *Once in a Lifetime*

Hairstyles turns of plot, zany swoops of emotion and a breakneck tempo.

# Art



Australian Sculptor Ken Unsworth's circle of rocks seems to float a few inches off the floor

## It's Biennale Time Again

*In Venice, a profusion of flora, fauna and visual metaphors*

The theme of this year's Biennale—that vast, sprawling international conspectus of current art that opens at irregular intervals in the public gardens of Venice and is one of the city's main tourist attractions—is *"Dalla Natura All'Arte, Dall'Arte Alla Natura"* (from nature to art, from art to nature). Appropriately, then, the star of the 1978 press week was not an artist but an animal.

Borrowed from a Lombard farm by an Italian artist named Antonio Paradiso, the beast, a massive bull named Pinco, stood ruminating in a corral in front of the Italian pavilion. The other half of Paradiso's artwork was a *mucca finta*, a fake cow, a four-wheeled chassis draped in a cowskin. It was to be wheeled into the pen, the deceived bull would mount it, and the results—as the Biennale catalogue noted, with the usual clarity of Italian art criticism—would touch "the central core of the present evolutionary-involutionary crisis." Finding the proposed event "degrading" (degrading, that is, to Pinco rather than art), one radical Italian journalist shot off a wire to the Italian equivalent of the A.S.P.C.A., demanding that the spectacle be stopped. It was, he said, "an exploitative example of coerced masturbation." The police came, and a compromise was finally reached. The *mucca finta* was trundled in, and Pinco would be allowed to mount it, but only once.

Since nothing in Venice goes down as well as a scandal, especially a sexual scandal, the corral soon drew a throng of artists, reporters, dealers, critics, museum

folk and art groupies. As the massed cameras clicked and whirred, and the crowd of connoisseurs looked breathlessly on, the bull glared at his mechanical bride and abruptly scrambled up on her. Then, with the weary expression of Porn Star Harry Reems working off his debts, Pinco ejaculated on the ground. So ended Paradiso's work of art, which was, in its way, emblematic of the Biennale: a captive beast (*Natura*) struggling to inseminate a



Austrian Arnulf Rainer's painted photograph  
*A lie told in the service of truth*

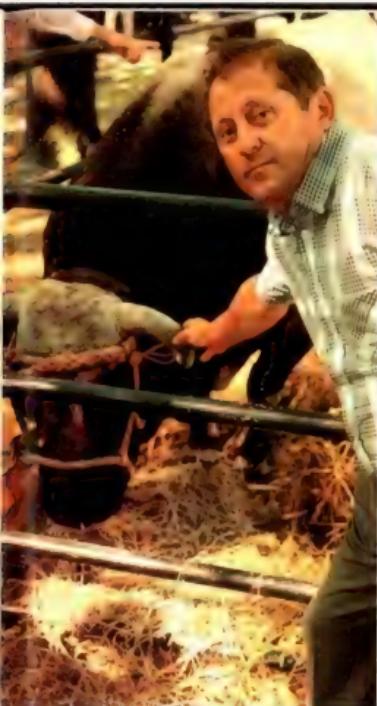
fictive one (*Arte*) under the gaze of an impervious public.

Pinco was not the only animal at the '78 Biennale. The place was a barnyard, rich with the odors of dung and urine-soaked straw. The Israeli pavilion was converted into a fold, with 17 ewes and one ram, their backs smeared with blue by the artist, Menashe Kadishman, a former kibbutz shepherd. The azure blots, "drifting apart or coming together according to the sheep's movement," make up a painting, so the catalogue declared. One conceptual artist, Jannis Kounellis, exhibited a macaw on a perch—an old work, possibly touched up with a new macaw. Another, Vettor Pisani, had a rhesus monkey tied on a short leather strap to the top of a sinister-looking mirror table.

As with fauna, so with flora. Dried leaves, cacti, moss, shrubs, tree trunks: the vegetable kingdom was there in quantity. Usually these pieces were mock-scientific—prolix classifications of fruit stains or upside-down plants at the Dutch pavilion, or, at the French, Roy Adzak's archaeological pastiche of fruit and vegetables embedded in plaster. In the Finnish pavilion, a sculptor named Olavi Lanu set forth a whole environment called *Life in the Finnish Forest*—blurred human figures made of earth, live moss, birch bark and other organic material. Granted that these quaint vegetative trolls would have looked better if met by accident in the woods, rather than spotlit in a gallery, they were still banal as sculpture—but children who visit the Biennale will love them.

The other main approach to "nature"—landscape painting being hopelessly old hat—was via anthropology: artists playing Robinson Crusoe or Man Friday under an umbrella of structuralist jargon. Here, the palm for silliness must go to a Dutchman named Krijn Geizen, who built a reed hut and set a tuna to smoke on a rack outside it. This piece of mock primitivism was intended to say something about survival, in homage to the fishermen of the Po delta; but since the tuna was not caught by the artist but bought in the Venice fishmarket, the project looked vicarious, like Marie Antoinette playing shepherdess. What it had to do with art was anyone's guess. But then, art is a matter of context. It is what you find in a Biennale.

The motto for such work might come from one of Byron's letters from Venice in 1817. Painting, the irritable bard declared, was of all arts "the most artificial and unnatural... I never yet saw the picture... which came within a league of my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and Seas and Rivers, and views, and two or three women, who went as far beyond it, besides some horses." Just so, all art is a lie told in the service of truth, but however feeble art



Pinco the bull at the Italian pavilion; Finnish Sculptor Lanu's vegetative troll (top center); Pisani's monkey; Israeli Kadishman and sheep

may be in the face of nature, one still cannot get the real thing into a gallery: those mountains and seas will not fit, and Byron's horses are less tractable than Kadishman's sheep or Paradiso's one-shot bull. Consequently, the best things in the Biennale were the displays which allowed the galleries to work as containers for visual metaphor rather than cages for a withered reality.

There were perhaps half a dozen unqualified successes here. The American pavilion was the most "classical" and conservative: no shocks of the new, but a display of Harry Callahan's photographs and of Richard Diebenkorn's landscape-based abstractions, the "Ocean Park" series, whose airy Tiepoloesque blues and strict but expansive space seemed happily consonant with the city that lay beyond the Biennale. At a far remove from Diebenkorn's Matissean equilibrium, the Austrian pavilion was filled with the work of Arnulf Rainer, the leading European body artist. The photos of Rainer's twisted face and limbs, enlarged and then further distorted with whiplash strokes of black paint, are among the most violently irrational images in the past decade; but they are also free from the kind of confessional gratuitousness that mars most body art. Mark Boyle at the British pavilion, showed excerpts from a long series of place pictures—"sites," chosen at



Dutch Artist Gelzen's smoking tuna  
Saying something about survival

random, cast full-size in fiber glass. These extracts from the world's surface—a section of brick wall, some paving stones and curb, or a square of sand and pebbles—were of singular density and beauty.

Finally, there was the Australian section, made up of the work of three artists: Ken Unsworth, John Davis and Robert Owen. It is 20 years since Australia last showed in Venice, and in that time the look of Australian art has changed almost beyond recognition. But a certain preoccupation with landscape remains, and may clearly be seen in both Davis' delicate constructions of sticks, twine and latex and in Unsworth's more ponderous and dramatic groups of hanging stones. Davis' work is nature seen with a tracker's eye: it involves small displacements, fragile connections, scarcely visible interferences—signs of passage of an ephemeral brush between imagination and environment. Unsworth's stone pieces, on the other hand, possess an almost crushing iconic power: his circle of rocks, hanging from a metal beam but seeming to float a few inches off the floor, is the most impressive new sculpture in the Biennale this year. The seriousness of such work reminds one that there is more to art than the mélange of secondhand Duchamp, thirdhand structuralism, greengrocery and animal crackers in some of the other pavilions.

—Robert Hughes

# Show Business

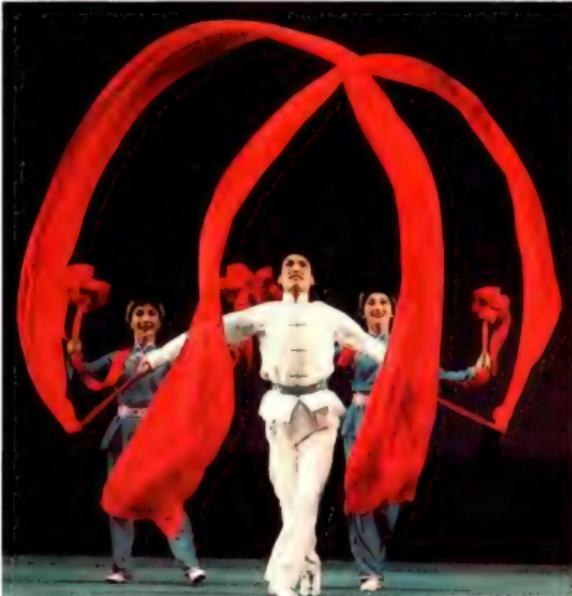
## The Chinese Hit Parade

*The technique's the thing*

**A** swirl of red ribbons fills the stage, the dancers commanding them moving delicately through the ever changing patterns they create with the long, scarlet strands of silk. Nine women glide serenely across the stage, costumed to represent lotus flowers, hoops just above their ankles, hiding their feet and representing the pads of the flowers. Magically, they create a lovely imitation of flowers floating in a gently flowing stream.

When artists of the Peking Opera take over, the pace speeds up. A pair of dancer-acrobats-mimes, on a fully lit stage, pantomime a sword fight as it might be conducted between opponents who cannot see each other in a pitch-black room. The movement is wondrously intricate, breathtakingly quick—and hugely comic. In another excerpt, called *Monkey Makes Havoc in Heaven*, the stage is filled with men, tumbling, bounding, flailing at one another in a skirmish between the forces of a Peer Gyntish Monkey King and a Jade Emperor whose court has been invaded by the delightfully wicked, white-faced simian. Martial art is transformed into high art as the lightning-fast conflict develops.

All these pieces—carefully selected samples of what they believe to be the best of their theatrical culture—are being offered by the Performing Arts Company of the People's Republic of China. A five-city U.S. tour began last week at New York's Metropol-



**The Red Silk Dance: delicate movements amidst a swirl of bold colors**

*The propaganda is muted, but so is the program's entertainment value.*

itan Opera House, and will play in Washington, D.C., Minneapolis, Berkeley and Los Angeles. The opening-night program left memories of sumptuous and exotic stage pictures that will linger in the mind's eye and a sense that one has enjoyed a handful of highly privileged theatrical moments.

These, however, are obtained at a heavy cost in tedium. It is not merely that the brilliant material from the Peking Opera—then highly stylized mixture of comedy, acrobatics, music and mime that really has no Western equivalent—and popular Chinese dances—they put one pleasantly in mind

of Radio City Music Hall choreography—are embedded in an evening in which an earnest soprano hymns the joys of revolutionary struggle, and musicians tootle and plink away on strange-sounding instruments. Nor does the dull excerpt from a revolutionary ballet showing a young woman abused by the minions of a wicked landowner particularly offend, though a little of this kind of thing goes a long way. Rather it is the air of detachment, abstraction that hangs over the evening and accounts for the restlessness the evening engenders.

Except for a handful of items like the scene from the ballet, *The Red Detach-*



**Monkey King makes havoc at banquet**



**Peking Opera: a duel in the dark takes place on a brightly lit stage**

ment of *Women*, the material presented is not heavy on ideology, though if the program notes are to be believed, some of the song lyrics contain clunkers like "When you drink tea from our Red base you will never forget our revolutionary tradition." But that sort of material cannot possibly offend anyone. Even if one could understand the language, the comical effect of the lines could easily be regarded as counterrevolutionary.

The problem is that one of the great driving forces of art, the desire to comment on the quality of contemporary life, on the state of mind of people caught up in the conflicts of a particular time and place, is subverted in a totalitarian state. There the official line is that no dispute exists and everyone derives happiness from working together harmoniously to create the new order. This means the disorders, the sorrows (and the private visions and fancies individuals indulge in as compensation)—the raw materials of a virtual art—are banned as irrelevancies. Artists, if they are to continue to function publicly, must either embrace the gaseous platitudes of revolution or bury themselves in popular, native tradition. Chinese ballet, for instance, was hobbled when authorities decided to erase any Russian influences. Folk singing and dancing seem to be much safer areas to cultivate. So is something like the Peking Opera, which relies on timeless myths, harmless fairy tales, for its plots, and prizes acrobatics and mimetic movement. (Even it, however, was suppressed at the height of the Cultural Revolution, and its artists sent to work the fields.)

After an evening with the Chinese performing artists, one begins to see why the tumblers and jugglers, the virtuosos on exotic instruments, have been able to develop to uncanny heights. Their achievement lies in pure technique, impervious to ideological criticism. The best work being offered by this company, which has been gathered from all over China for this tour, has deftness and precision that can be awesome even to one who is not familiar with the traditions that inform the performers. At times their pure skill is sufficient to enchant the viewer and take the chill out of the air. But in the end, it is not enough.

Traditionally, an evening at a concert hall or theater in China goes on for hours and hours. Over the years, audiences develop to a high degree their capacity for what a spokesman for this troupe calls "selective inattention." The accomplishment of this organization is, ironically, to give Westerners an authentic taste of the boredom inherent in the Chinese performing-arts tradition. It is an opportunity to develop, in a matter of minutes and as a matter of survival, an ability to tune out large parts of the evening in order to attend with a degree of alertness the moments of great entertainment, like the Peking Opera, when excellence of form triumphs over embarrassing lack of substance.

—Richard Schickel

## Television

### See It Then

Edward R. Murrow returns

Since his death in 1965, Edward R. Murrow has been canonized as one of network television's few saints. According to legend, Murrow was the man who brought seriousness and purpose to TV journalism: without him, CBS News might still be a tabloid-headline service. Certainly much of Murrow's reputation is deserved, but his career was far more varied than the mythmakers allow. Like so many TV newsmen before and after him, Murrow was not immune to the economic attractions of show business. Maybe he never fronted for a game show (as Mike Wallace did) or appeared in commercials (as Barbara Walters has), but he was not above lending his name and talent to schlock. During the years of his justly famous *See It Now* documentaries, Murrow conducted a celebrity interview show called *Person to Person*.

This summer at various times, many public television stations are airing 26 episodes of the series, which has not been seen since it was discontinued in 1959. Intended as a tribute to a TV great, this revival may actually tarnish the Murrow legend. The years have not been kind to *Person to Person*. As one watches Murrow pay his electronic "visits" to famous homesteads, it is hard to ignore the man's obsequiousness. He laughs at his guests' every joke, he helps plug their new books; he hypes their every trivial accomplishment. On these shows Murrow is every bit as lightweight as Mike Douglas—though at least he refrains from picking up a hand mike and belting out songs.

Murrow's silliness on *Person to Person* is partially camouflaged by his formidable telegenic image: his omnipresent cigarette and theatrical voice lend dignity to everything he says. The words themselves, unfortunately, are banalities. In interviews with John and Jacqueline Kennedy, Marilyn Monroe, Agnes de Mille, Maria Callas, Sir Thomas Beecham, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, he rarely extracts



Interviewing Monroe (1955)  
Laughs, plugs and hype.

a witticism and never an insight. "Have you opened all your wedding gifts?" he asks the newlywed Kennedys in 1953. He then goes on to stock questions that permit the young Senator to rattle off his policy positions by rote. Murrow's notion of challenging Bogart, Bacall and Monroe is to ask them to name their favorite film roles. He even allows Harpo Marx to make all his responses in mime; the audience, no doubt, had tuned in with the expectation that Harpo would speak.

Though devoid of substance, *Person to Person* is not without curiosity value. Made in the era of primitive television technology, the show's stage conventions seem quaintly claustrophobic now. Many of the guests, movie stars excepted, are ill at ease before the camera and deliver their anecdotes with artificial gaiety. The famous naively show off their prized possessions—Old World antiques and Bernard Buffet paintings. A little of this amusement goes a long way, the cumulative effect of *Person to Person* is depressing. It is no fun to be reminded that the spiritual father of *CBS Reports* and *60 Minutes* was also the progenitor of *Rona Barrett—Interviews*. Merv Griffin and Dinah!

—Frank Rich



Person to Person subjects: Bogart and Bacall, the newlywed Kennedys

# Books

## The Best of British Crime

*A cut-rate summer ticket to mystery, mayhem and murder*

With deference to Freddie Laker's no-frills transatlantic fares, an all-thrills package tour of England can be had for only \$49.70 this summer. The round-trip price includes visits to uncharted villages from Devonshire to Derbyshire, scenes of London rarely glimpsed by the natives, a vintage assemblage of odds and sods and intellectuals, and *carte blanche* to the last remaining pubs that purvey strong ale, stalwart beef and susceptible barmaids. Best of all, you don't have to leave an American beach to get there: the no-wait, wingless voyage can be

booked at a bookstore. The package consists of six new novels of mystery, crime and suspense by English authors. Each proves again that in the land of 4 o'clock oolong and midnight gore, of crumpets, trumpets and strumpets, there is still time for elegant talk, sprightly characters and plots as convoluted as the Hampton

Court maze. The itinerary is as varied as the topography of the tight little island.

**The Glimpses of the Moon** by Edmund Crispin (Walker, 287 pages, \$8.95). In one of Crispin's earlier books, a mystery novelist confides: "Our plots are necessarily *improbable*, but I believe in making sure that they are not *impossible*." With *Glimpses*, his first detective story in a quarter-century, Crispin re-establishes his own flair for turning the unlikely into the inevitable. A grisly succession of murders, decapitations and other severances in a Devon village involves the rector, a retired major, a composer, a not-too-plodding constable, two detectives, two nympho-



John Buxton Hilton



Michael Kenyon



Edmund Crispin



Jack S. Scott



Ray Connolly



Michael Allen

*Carte blanche to the last remaining pubs that purvey strong ale, stalwart beef and susceptible barmaids*

maniacs, sundry pig farmers, most of Fleet Street, a blackmailer, a local ancient—and Gervase Fen, an urbane Oxford don and literary critic who, as in previous Crispin novels, discreetly provides the ratiocination that puts all the boids and muttons together again. Crispin, 57, may be forgiven for his long vacation from mayhem. In the real world, he maintains an identity as Composer R. Bruce Montgomery, the man who has settled the scores for dozens of British movies. As Crispin, he spikes the suspense with some hilarious rustic intermezzos worthy of Wodehouse. *Glimpses* should win the protean author the wide American audience that, for improbable reasons, he has never achieved.

**The Molehill File** by Michael Kenyon (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 192 pages, \$7.95). There's no time for tea in this sardonic unraveling of Establishmentarian rotteness. The sleuth is doughty Detective-Inspector Henry Peckover, a passable published poet who can no more aspire his aitches than preserve his skull from duggery. Relegated by Scotland Yard to a dead-end fraud investigation, he links the murder of a Mayfair tart to a web of political, financial and sexual hanky-panky that encompasses a titled M.P., a police chief superintendent who turns drag queen by night, Middlesex pols and proles, bird hunters of all varieties and an Arab sheik bent on making the green and pheasant land an adjunct of Riyadh. *Molehill* is the sixth novel by Oxonian Kenyon, 47, and the first to feature the engaging Enry Peckover, whose career can only go up.

**Spence and the Holiday Murders** by Michael Allen (Walker, 173 pages, \$7.95). Christmas is coming, geese are getting fat, but not for the poor coppers who have only three days to solve a murder if their pie is to be mince, not humble. The Dec. 22 victim is rich, young, handsome Roger Parnell. The man who has everything has faults too. Parnell, as it turns out, is an utter bounder, zoom-lens voyeur, seducer of schoolgirls, possible blackmailer and shady business entrepreneur. There are, in point of fact, almost as many reasons to knock off Rog as there are suspects in his glossy, Sussex village; they include a huffy M.P., some rather manish schoolmarmas, a vengeful handyman and others with sound motives to bury the rake. The pieces come together just in time for Detective-Superintendent Ben Spence, 38, to carve the goose *chez lui*. Cambridge-educated Michael Allen, 39, has to learn to relax a bit to become a true-blue murder master, but his Inspector Spence is a very good bet to return to the scene of the crime.

**Some Ran Crooked** by John Buxton Hill (St. Martin's, 192 pages, \$7.95). Any place called the Peculiar Court of Peak Forest rates a detour for the tourist. It is also a three-star arena for murder most foul. The 300-year-old institution, which exists to this day in the dour reaches of

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## Books

northwest Derbyshire, is a kind of Gretta Green where eloping couples can receive a churchly marriage, no questions asked. Dispatched to the neighborhood to ask a lot of questions about an apparently meaningless homicide, Inspector Kenworthy of the Yard finds that he has two other unsolved killings to contend with. Each is worthy of a book in itself. One bride-in-waiting was slain at Peak Low in 1758, another in 1940, and both have strong mythic and circumstantial links to the recent doings-in of young Julie Wimpole. There are no jollies here at the pub. The locals are a close-mouthed, close-knit lot, suspicious of outsiders for good reasons ancient and modern. The story turns on the kind of inbred diabolism on which Shirley Jackson based *The Lottery*. Author John Buxton Hilton, 57, a Derbyshire man with seven previous suspense novels to his credit, has a somewhat unattractive *deus ex* mackintosh in Inspector Kenworthy. But Hilton knows the people and the terrain, and his story is as eerie as a North Country fog, and almost as satisfyingly impenetrable.

**The Shallow Grave** by Jack S. Scott (Harper & Row, 188 pages, \$7.95). In an idyllic little village where nothing much has happened since the Normans passed through, Elite Beavis, an offensively spinster schoolteacher, turns up dead—coshed and strangled—and three months pregnant. Her discovery by the local dreflet, who bears the resounding name of Henry St. Clare Rossiter, brings an irascible superintendent, a raunchy inspector and a husky detective sergeant to the scene. The cogitating coppers have their headquarters at the White Swan pub, whose Mae Westerly landlady serves them food and drink as distracting as the sexual fantasies she stirs. For all their grogging and slogging, the coppers get nowhere, although it seems as if the vicar, the school headmistress and the lordly tramp know considerably more about Elite than they will admit. Then a £5 lead leads to a double-whammy denouement. Jack Scott, 53, whose notable previous mystery was *The Bastard's Name Was Bristow*, stylishly evokes the mores: quirky souls and earthy argot of rural England. The grave is shallow, but the plot runs deep.

**Newsdeath** by Ray Connolly (Atheneum, 250 pages, \$8.95). Fleet Street and Scotland Yard, antipodes of English energy, collide and coalesce in *Newsdeath*. The unnerving center of the story is an outfit called PUMA, which kills and kidnaps *ad nauseum* with the mindless goal of waging war on the mass media in order, it says, to liberate the oppressed masses. What might have been a silly or tiresome plot is transformed by Author Ray Connolly into a taut and stylish story well marinated in the lore of newspaper city rooms and the Yard. Its anti-hero, John Huckleston, aka Huck, stumbles ahead of the coppers in tracking down

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## Books

the terrorist outfit that has London in a state of siege. Aided by his colleague and best pal, Winston Collins, a driven black reporter, Huckle unwittingly commits the ultimate journalistic crime of getting his own mug on Page One day after day. Of course he winds up stripping PUMA to its nasty bones. Connolly, 37, a Fleet Street veteran, is a storyteller in the hard-boiled, sexy Los Angeles tradition, with saving Anglo graces. Each of his dozen or so major characters is portrayed with insight and imagination, and the seamer side of London—and two of its two oldest professions—is limned with Hogarthian skill. Huckle and Winston should be a long-run team.

—Michael Demarest

## Between Wars

### REFLECTIONS

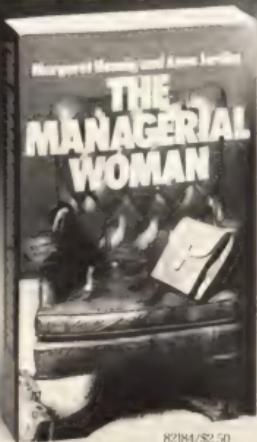
by Walter Benjamin: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 348 pages: \$12.95

Critic Walter Benjamin had no claims on fame and little influence during his lifetime. He committed suicide in September 1940 at the Franco-Spanish border when his exit visa was not accepted and he feared, as a Jew and socialist intellectual, forced repatriation to Germany. His essays were not collected and published until 1955. Thirteen years later they were translated into English and appeared under the title *Illuminations*. By that time, Benjamin had become a posthumous culture hero of Europe's new left.

*Illuminations* contained pieces on Kafka, Baudelaire, Proust, Brecht and the essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction." In it Benjamin related the development of 20th century mass movements and the mechanical means of mass art. Consider his observations on the film actor as a manipulated prop: "Let us assume," he wrote, "that an actor is supposed to be startled by a knock at the door. If his reaction is not satisfactory, the director can resort to an expedient: when the actor happens to be at the studio again he has a shot fired behind him without his being forewarned of it. The frightened reaction can be shot now and cut into the screen version. Nothing more strikingly shows that art has left the realm of the 'beautiful semblance' which, so far, had been taken to be the only sphere where art could thrive."

Film making is a form of collage, and the beautiful semblance seems to have been an experience of wholeness that was missing from Benjamin's life. His background was not suited for survival in the '20s and '30s. As a youth he had the advantages that his father, a successful Berlin art dealer, could provide. Yet like so many young upper-middle-class intellectuals, Benjamin rejected the very bourgeois values that had enabled him to loll around reading Marx, collecting rare first editions and traveling. He thought of himself as a private man of letters, a scholar-

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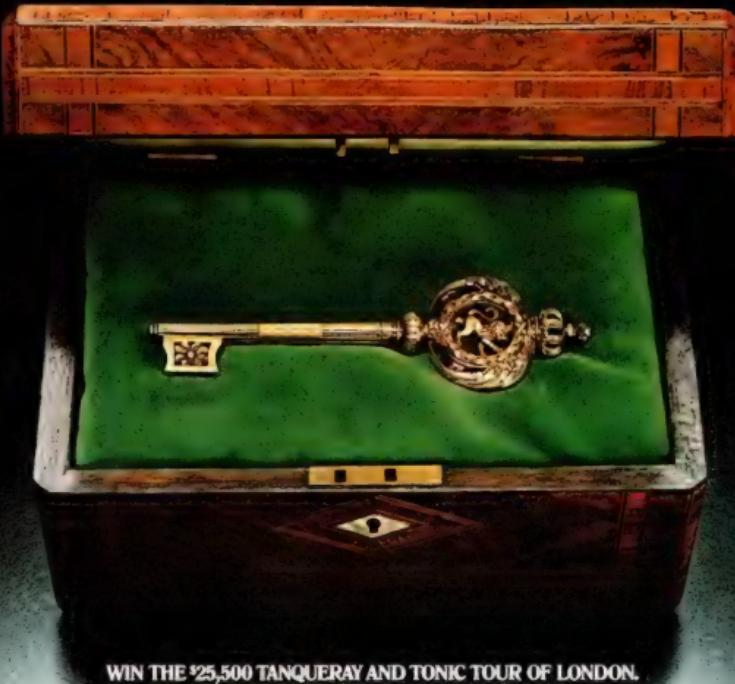
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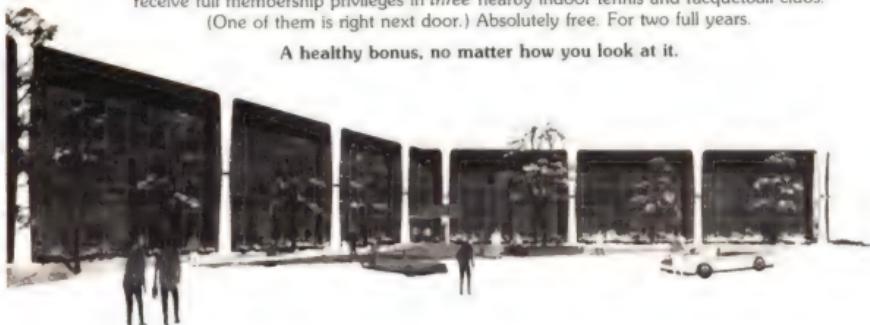


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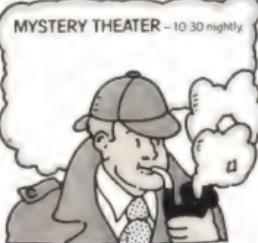
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## Books



Benjamin shortly before suicide in 1940  
The streets bent to meet his perceptions

prince supported by stipends from his family. Unfortunately his father's money was not always enough. Parental disagreements and later Germany's ruinous inflation burst Benjamin's financial cushion and forced him to live by his pen. He put the problem of freelancing succinctly when he wrote, "There are places in which I can earn a minimum and places in which I can live on a minimum, but there is no place where I can do both."

He tried in Moscow, Marseille, Paris, Naples as well as Berlin, cities whose textures and pungencies he focused with astonishing force in his writings. Thirsty for experience, Benjamin became a passionate stroller-observer who conveyed the impression that the streets bent to meet his oncoming perceptions. His pieces about Europe's great cosmopolitan centers contain the best writing in this translation of *Reflections*. The book is just that: reflections of a highly polished mind that uncannily approximate the century's fragments of shattered traditions.

Essays on surrealism, the mimetic faculty, Brecht and the Austrian polemicist Karl Kraus support Hannah Arendt's claim that Benjamin was the most important German critic between the world wars. His romantic attachment to anarchy and violence as messianic salvations may remind some readers of Norman Mailer at his steamiest. Yet at times, Benjamin's insights cast prophetic shadows. On the effect of film and advertising, for example: "Before a child of our time finds his way clear to opening a book, his eyes have been exposed to such a blizzard of changing, colorful, conflicting letters that the chances of his penetrating the archaic stillness of the book are slight."

His advice to writers contains both wit and sober utility. "Avoid haphazard writing materials. A pedantic adherence to certain papers, pens, inks is beneficial ... The more circumspectly you delay writing down an idea, the more maturely developed it will be on surrendering itself. Speech conquers thought, but writing commands it ... Never stop writing because you have run out of ideas. Literary honor requires that one break off only at an appointed moment. Avoid everyday mediocrity. Semirelaxation, to a background of insipid sounds, is degrading." Benjamin ends his list with "The work is the death mask of its conception. It is the perfect exit line for a man whose voice reaches us so many years after it was stilled.

—R.Z. Sheppard

## Editors' Choice

### FICTION: Final Payments

*Mary Gordon* • *Innocent Erendira and Other Stories*, *Gabriel García Márquez* • *Shoah*, *Isaac Bashevis Singer* • *The Execution of Mayor Yin, Chou Jo-hu* • *The Left-Handed Woman*, *Peter Handke* • *The World According to Garp*, *John Irving*

### NONFICTION: A Place for Noah

*Josh Greenfield* • *Families*, *Jane Howard*

*Hitler's Spies*, *David Kahn* • *Look*

*Who's Talking!*, *Emily Hahn*

*Russian Thinkers*, *Isaiah Berlin*

*The Gulag Archipelago III*, *Alexander Solzhenitsyn*

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

- 1 *The Holcroft Covenant*, *Lindrum* (3 last week)
- 2 *Bloodline*, *Sheldon* (4)
- 3 *Scruples*, *Krantz* (1)
- 4 *Stained Glass*, *Buckley* (2)
- 5 *The World According to Garp*, *Irving* (5)
- 6 *Eye of the Needle*, *Follett* (9)
- 7 *The Last Convertible*, *Myers* (8)
- 8 *Evergreen*, *Plain* (10)
- 9 *The Women's Room*, *French*
- 10 *The Human Factor*, *Greene* (6)

### NONFICTION

- 1 *The Complete Book of Running*, *Fixa* (2)
- 2 *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?*, *Bombeck* (2)
- 3 *Pulling Your Own Strings*, *Dyer* (3)
- 4 *My Mother My Self*, *Friday* (4)
- 5 *R.N. The Memoirs of Richard Nixon*, *Nixon* (5)
- 6 *A Time For Truth*, *Simon* (10)
- 7 *Gnomes*, *Huygen & Poortsma* (7)
- 8 *Metropolitan Life*, *Lebowitz* (8)
- 9 *Running and Being*, *Sheehan* (6)
- 10 *Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover Shapeover Beauty Program*, *Arpel with Ebenstein*

# Press



Roger Grimsby



Paul Moyer



Bill Kurtis



Jim Jensen



Jerry Dunphy



Larry Kane



Jim Vance

## Those Affluent Anchors

*Local newsreaders enjoy soaring pay but often short careers*

Walter Cronkite, eat your heart out. The job of network anchor may, after years of struggle, bring nationwide fame and fortune. But there are now literally hundreds of men and women who, sometimes with the flimsiest of credentials, are making big names and big money anchoring local news programs. That ostensibly undemanding vocation is fast becoming the most financially rewarding job in journalism.

Dozens of local anchors are making more than \$100,000 a year, and at least 16 make \$200,000 or more (see box). Of course, stratospheric salaries were common at the networks even before Barbara Walters signed her million-dollar contract with ABC two years ago. What is new is that the pearly-toothed, cleft-chinned basso profundos who tell the way it was in your home town are starting to earn network-size salaries. "Only three or four years ago it was significant if an anchor earned \$100,000," says Richard Leibner, one of a growing number of talent agents who serve local newscasters. "That has moved up considerably."

The demand for anchors spurred as local stations across the U.S. expanded their news coverage; Los Angeles' KNXT last month introduced a 2½-hour newscast, and a number of stations (Los Angeles' KNBC, Chicago's WBBM and New York's WNBC among them) mount three shows a night. Local news operations, once money-losing public service efforts, have become universally profitable; at many stations news is the most important source of income. Now anchors and their agents routinely play one station against another at contract-renewal time, and the stations pay up willingly.

Why not? Television executives believe that the easiest way to win evening-news ratings points is to find, and keep, an anchor with that certain something—looks, sex appeal, credibility—that viewers like. A single ratings point in a major market like New York, Los Angeles or Chicago is worth more than \$500,000 in yearly station revenues. When executives at Chicago's CBS-owned WBBM this year figured they would lose three evening-news ratings points if Anchor Bill

Kurtis jumped to NBC-owned WMAQ, they won him back by counteroffering \$250,000 a year. They considered it a bargain. Says Joe Saltzman, a veteran TV newsman who teaches broadcasting at the University of Southern California: "The anchor person presents the news the way people like to hear it. He's worth every penny he gets for that."

Some TV journalists wonder. One major complaint is that the more money an anchor makes, the less is left over for news coverage, a charge that station executives deny. "An individual's salary is a pittance in our budget," says News Director Norman Fein of New York's WNBC, which spends \$13.5 million a year on news cov-

erage. Yet disgruntled off-camera journalists at Los Angeles' KNBC figure that the salaries of the "talent," as on-camera personalities are known in the trade, account for nearly one-quarter of the station's \$9.5 million news budget.

In a market where top anchors earn around \$200,000, a reporter earns considerably less—\$30,000 is typical—and off-camera writers and producers often make even less. A survey of 900 broadcast stations by Vernon Stone of Southern Illinois University this year indicated that the average salary for a TV news director was only \$18,200. Such disparities offend those who believe salaries should more closely reflect journalistic experience. "Are anchors worth these astronomical amounts?" asks Chicago *Sun-Times* TV Critic Frank Swertlow. "Of course not. As journalists they can't hack it. These are made-for-television journalists."

**Evening Stars:** To make big money as a local news anchor, it helps to be male, white, 40ish, have at least a decade in broadcast journalism and work for one of the 15 network-owned and -operated stations (generally larger and richer than the 624 network affiliates or the 102 independents). Those, at least, are the traits that emerge from a list compiled by TIME of most of the nation's best-paid local TV anchors:

ANCHOR	STATION (OWNER)	EST. SALARY
Roger Grimsby	WABC New York (ABC)	\$250,000+
Paul Moyer	KNBC Los Angeles (NBC)	250,000*
Bill Kurtis	WBBM Chicago (CBS)	250,000
Jim Jensen	WCBW New York (CBS)	250,000
Jerry Dunphy	KABC Los Angeles (ABC)	250,000
Larry Kane	WABC New York (ABC)	250,000
David Horowitz	KNBC Los Angeles (NBC)	250,000†
Jim Vance	WRC Washington (NBC)	210,000
John Schadeck	KNBC Los Angeles (NBC)	200,000+
Kelly Lange	KNBC Los Angeles (NBC)	200,000+
Christine Lund	KNBC Los Angeles (NBC)	200,000+
Jess Marlow	KNBC Los Angeles (NBC)	200,000+
Mort Crim	WBBM Chicago (CBS)	200,000
Jim Hartz	WRC Washington (NBC)	200,000*
Chuck Scarborough	WNBC New York (NBC)	200,000
Roland Smith	WCBS New York (CBS)	200,000
Ron Hunter	WMAQ Chicago (NBC)	190,000
Fahey Flynn	WLS Chicago (ABC)	180,000
Joe Bentz	KNXT Los Angeles (CBS)	170,000
Bill Bonds	WXYZ Detroit (ABC)	160,000
Joel Daly	WLS Chicago (ABC)	150,000

\*Includes extra pay for network duties.

†Includes extra income from syndication.

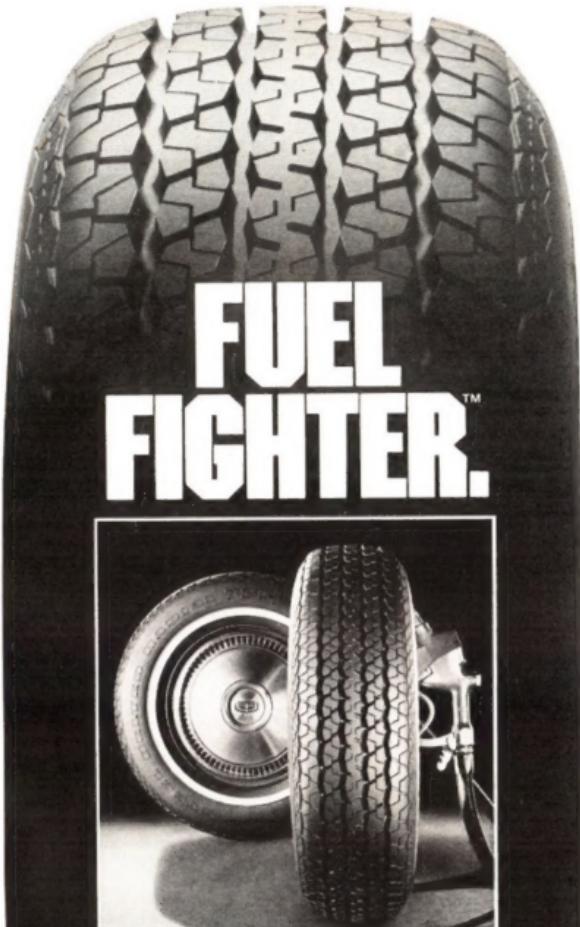
## Press

That is not invariably the case. It is true that some anchors do little more than read scripts they did not write about news they did not select, and some are Ted Baxter types distinguished by appearance more than ability. Handsome, blow-dried Ron Hunter, for instance, is resigning from Chicago's WMAQ this month in the face of stagnant ratings and intense vilification by the city's acerbic TV critics. "He couldn't cover his nose, much less a fire," sniffs the *Sun-Times*'s Swertlow. Yet many of the six-figure anchors, probably a majority, have had years of experience as reporters and still dash out of the studio like Dalmatians when a big story breaks. Washington's David Schoumacher put in two decades as a newspaper reporter and network correspondent before joining Washington's WJLA as anchor last year (at \$120,000), and WBBM's Walter Jacobson (\$140,000) is one of Chicago's most respected political reporters. Says New York's Larry Kane, a radio reporter at 15: "The press is abusive to say we're all mannequins. There are no major anchormen in the U.S. who are phonies."

Phonies or not, many anchors lead professional lives that are nasty, brutish and short. Maury Povich left Washington's WTTG 18 months ago for a \$70,000 anchor spot at WMAQ in Chicago, quit after a year over a salary dispute, signed on with Los Angeles' KNXT for \$150,000, was fired six months later during a ratings slump, and is now looking for work. "They put their guts on the line every day, and they know that if the ratings fall they could be gone just like that," says WBBM Station Manager David Nelson, snapping his fingers. Muses Schoumacher about his career: "It's nice now, but how long will it last? I'm glad I'll always know how to type."

The future of the anchor profession itself is not assured. Station managers and news directors will be watching closely this week when ABC News introduces its new network evening-news format, which will replace two New York-based anchors with four regional supercorrespondents. More and more stations are buying electronic gear, like minicams, that makes it easier to cover breaking news "live," a move that some TV journalists say will diminish the anchor role.

Until that day, however, the cost of anchors will probably soar even higher, if only because both anchors and their bosses know that stations can afford it. "Obviously there's a limit to what we can pay, but we haven't hit that limit yet," admits NBC's Fein. WABC's Roger Grimsby may reach \$300,000 when his new contract is signed this year, and Station Manager Nelson of WBBM predicts that salaries of top anchors will hit \$500,000 within the next five years. Says one KNBC newsmen: "Remember when you were a kid and the teacher told you not to read with your lips? Well, you shouldn't have listened."



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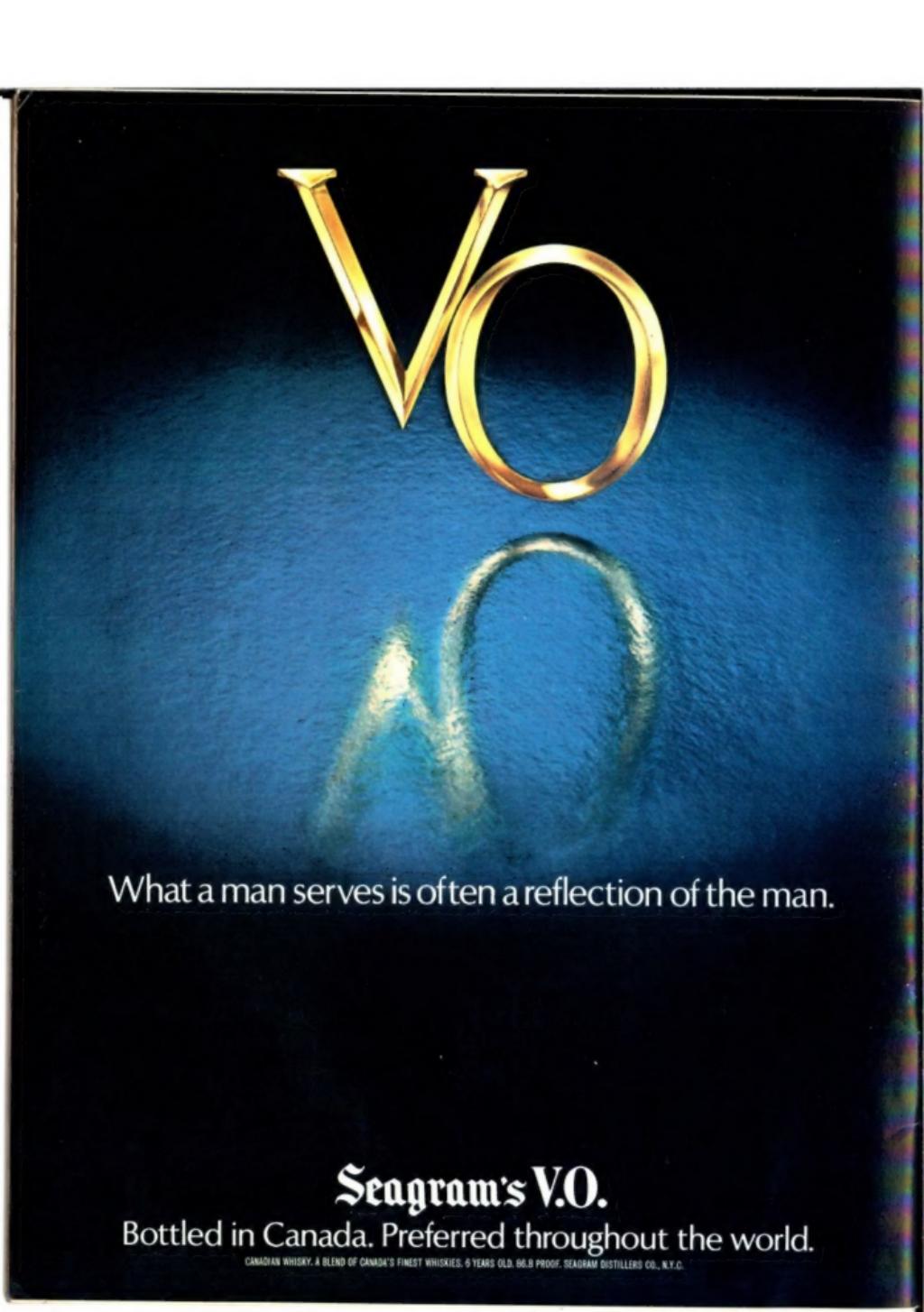
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